

# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 94.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

PRICE SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6½d.



SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE CATTLE.



## THEATRES.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone. Every Evening, at 7.30, the Farce, in one act, by T. Edgar Pemberton, *A HAPPY MEDIUM*—Messrs. C. Warner, Everill, Weathersby; Miss Minnie Walton, Miss M. Harris, and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. At 8.15, a New and Original Comedy by H. J. Byron, entitled *MARRIED IN HASTE*. Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Warner, Howe, Rogers, Braid, Osborne, Rivers, and Mr. Henry J. Byron; Miss Emily Thorne, Miss Harrison, and Miss Carlotta Addison. Stage Manager, Mr. Coe. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. No free list. Box-office open from 10 till 5.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Mr. SOTHERN will, on MONDAY, DEC. 27, commence a *THREE WEEKS' FAREWELL ENGAGEMENT*, previous to his return to America. Mr. Buckstone will reappear at the Haymarket, and Miss Lucy Buckstone will make her debut in London. Order of performances:—*GARRICK and MARRIED LIFE*, Monday, Dec. 27, and five following nights; *HOME and MARRIED LIFE*, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Jan. 3, 4, 5, 6; *OUR AMERICAN COUSIN*, Friday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Jan. 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, and 13; *GARRICK and A REGULAR FIX*, on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14 and 15. Mr. Sothern's Benefit and Last Appearance, Saturday, Jan. 15.—Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter.

**DRURY LANE.**—Mr. and Mrs. BOUCICAULT in the great Irish Drama *SHAUGHRAUN*, illustrated with beautiful scenery by William Beverly, at 7.45 every evening, preceded by the *WHITE HAT*. To conclude with *A NABOB FOR AN HOUR*. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

**ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.**—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough. EVERY EVENING, at 7, *TWO TO ONE*. At 7.30, *A LESSON IN LOVE*—Messrs. Cox, Grahame, and Vernon; Mesdames M. Terry, T. Lavis, and Ada Swanborough. At 9.30, *LOO*—Messrs. Terry, Marius, Cox, &c.; Mesdames A. Claude, Venne, Jones, &c.

**LYCEUM.**—*MACBETH.*—EVERY EVENING at 8. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). Preceded, at 7, by *THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING*. Miss Virginia Francis. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5. Booking fees abolished. Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Bateman.

**VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.**—EVERY EVENING.

Enormous Success of "Our Boys." At 7.30, *A WEIRLIGIG*; at 8, *OUR BOYS*, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with *A FEARFUL FOG*, supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

**ROYAL PARK THEATRE, Park-street, Gloucester-gate, Regent's Park.**—On MONDAY, DEC. 13, and during the Week, *GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT*, with all its original splendour. Miss Emily Soldene, the Queen of Opéra-Bouffe, in her great original part of Drogan, supported by Mesdames Rose Lee, Lizzie Robson, Amalia Jonghmanns, and Clara Vesey; Messrs. Rouse, Barry, Robson Rae, Cummings, and Vaccotti. *Mlle. SARA*, in a Grand Hungarian Divertissement. The Orchestra, Chorus, Costumes, and mise-en-scène are equal in every respect to any hitherto seen in London. Full particulars in programmes. Boxes, stalls, and seats can be engaged now. No fees for booking. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. On Thursday, Dec. 16, Miss Soldene's Benefit. On Saturday, Dec. 18, the Benefit of Messrs. Parravicini and Corby, and last night of the Season. In active preparation, a Grand *CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME*, on a scale of splendour unsurpassed at any Theatre in London.

**ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.**—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest. Dancing in the New Hall. On MONDAY, and every Evening during the week (except Wednesday and Thursday), to commence, at 7, with the successful Drama of *DEAD TO THE WORLD*, by Geo. Conquest and Henry Pettitt. Messrs. W. James, Sennett, Syms, B. Morton, Geo. Conquest jun., Vincent, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, Inch, &c. To conclude with "Black Eyed Susan." On Wednesday, "Sentenced to Death," "Retained for the Defence," Ballet. On Thursday, "Sentenced to Death," "Orange Girl," Incidentals. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

**ALHAMBRA THEATRE.** Manager, Mr. J. A. CAVE. *SPECTRESHEIM*, a success unparalleled.—William Rignold, H. Walshaw, J. H. Jarvis, Frank Hall, and Harry Paulton; Katherine Munro, Marion West, and Emma Chambers. The Majiltons, the Trois Diables, in their astonishing performance, causing the utmost amount of amazement and enthusiasm. Splendid Band, conducted by M. Jacobi. Open at 6.45 nightly. ALHAMBRA.

**ALHAMBRA.**—*THE FLOWER QUEEN.*—NEW GRAND BALLET D'ACTION by M. LAURI. Magnificent Scenery by Albert Calcott. Gorgeous Costumes by Miss Fisher, from designs by Alfred Maithby. Novel Mechanical Effect by Sloman and Son.—Mlles. PITTERI, PERTOLDI, and upwards of One Hundred Corps de Ballet Music selected, arranged, and composed by M. JACOBI.

**BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.**—MONDAY, DEC. 13, Annual Benefit of Mrs. S. Lane, and Last Night of the Season.—at 6.45, *KING'S DEATH TRAP*—Mrs. S. Lane, Miss Marie Henderson; Messrs. Marchant, Reynolds, Bell, Bigwood, Lewis. CONCERT, Miss Randall, Mr. Fred Foster. *BRITANNIA FESTIVAL*. Grand Ballet d'Action by the Lupino Troupe. To conclude with *ZELMA*; or an Indian's Love—Messrs. Charlton, Newbound, Reeve; Mlles. Adams, Bellair, Rayner.

**NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.** Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. Magnificently redecorated. Engagement of the favourite actress, Miss Ada Ward, of the Globe Theatre, who will appear each Evening in the Drama of *THE WOMAN IN RED*, supported by a powerful Company. On MONDAY, DEC. 13, at Seven o'clock, *THE WOMAN IN RED*. Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass. To conclude with *THE FATAL BRAND*. On MONDAY, DEC. 20, Mr. PHELPS, for one night only.

## MR. SOTHERN'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.

BELFAST, T. R. Dec. 6 to 13.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.**—OUR CARD-BASKET, written by Shirley Brooks; a Musical Sketch, entitled *THE CLEVER PEOPLE*, by Mr. Corney Grain; to conclude with *A SPANISH BOND*. Every Evening (except Thursday and Saturday), at 8; Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 3.—*ST. GEORGE'S HALL*, Langham-place, Oxford-circus. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s., can be secured in advance without fee.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—*THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES*, with Mendelssohn's Music, will be produced (under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham) on the stage for the first time in London since 1845 on TUESDAY, DEC. 14, and repeated on THURSDAY, DEC. 16. Mr. J. Hyder, Mr. Howard Russell (by permission of Messrs. Sanger), Mr. Arthur Mathison, Mr. Dolman, Mr. C. Creswick; Miss Genevieve Ward, Miss Carlisle, and a carefully selected Chorus, under the direction of Mr. W. Gadsby. Conductor, Mr. August Manns. Stalls, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., may be now booked.

**ALEXANDRA PALACE.** ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK COMMENCING DEC. 13. MONDAY.—Roman, the Great Athlete, and daily during the Week. TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY.—*THE GREAT DOG SHOW*. Open 10 to 8.30. No extra charge. SATURDAY.—Eighth Saturday Popular Concert. Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Nelson Varley, and Mlle. Agnes Zimmermann, the great pianist. The entire Building heated to an agreeable temperature. Admission, One Shilling each day, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

**BILLIARDS.**—*ST. JAMES'S HALL*, Regent-street.—JOHN ROBERTS, Jun. (Champion), and WILLIAM COOK for £200 and the Champion's Gold Cup, 1000 up, even, MONDAY, DEC. 20, 1875. The table manufactured expressly for this match by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts. Play to commence at 7.30 p.m. Reserved Seats, 21s.; Unreserved Seats, 10s. 6d. Tickets at Cook's Billiard Rooms, No. 99, Regent-street; and at Austin's office, St. James's Hall, 25, Piccadilly.

**SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.**—EVERY EVENING during the week, last nights of the great spectacle, *MAZEPPA*; or, the Wild Horse of Tartary. That charming actress, Miss Lisa Weber, as Mazeppa. Unquestionable treat—viz., the great Holloway and the funny Little Sandy at each representation. Don't forget that Holloway and Sandy appear only with this great Circus Company.

Box-office open daily, from 10 till 4 o'clock, under the superintendence of Mr. Drysdale. No charge for booking, and no fees for officials. Private Boxes, 1s. to 5s.; Dress Circle, 4s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Pit Stalls and Boxes, 2s.; Upper Circle, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d.—Sole Proprietors, J. and G. SANGER.

## THE SECOND CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF THE

## ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS

("THE STIRRUP CUP")

WILL BE ISSUED ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18,

AND WILL COMPRISE

A double-page reproduction, in Colours, of the well-known Drawing by the late JOHN LEECH,

ENTITLED

## HUNTING IN THE HOLIDAYS,

AND

TWO SHEETS AND A HALF

OF

PICTURES, POEMS, TALES, SKETCHES, &amp;c.

OF SPORT, ADVENTURE, AND THE DRAMA.

AMONGST THE PICTURES WILL BE FOUND THE FOLLOWING:—

A CHRISTMAS BENISON—"The Stirrup Cup." Drawn by Matt Stretch. CHRISTMAS IN THE NURSERY—"Our Fairy Story." Drawn by Walter Morgan.

CHRISTMAS IN THE DRAWING-ROOM—"Amateur Theatricals." Drawn by Harry Furniss.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND—"The Stag of St. Hubert." Drawn by K. Bodmir.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE GUILD—"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen." Drawn by H. S. Marks, A.R.A.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE STUD—"A Morning Call." Drawn by J. Sturgess.

CHRISTMAS IN THE COPSES—"A Night Encounter." Drawn by R. Cranston.

CHRISTMAS IN BOW-STREET—"Preparing for the New Burlesque." Drawn by E. Buckman.

CHRISTMAS IN THE THEATRE—"Mephisto behind the Scenes." By E. Gruetzner.

CHRISTMAS ON THE ICE—"A Lesson of Love." Drawn by Dower Wilson.

CHRISTMAS ON THE COAST—"Cut off by the Tide." Drawn by R. O. Murray.

CHRISTMAS AT THE NORTH POLE—"A Hunt for a Dinner." Drawn by R. H. Moore.

CHRISTMAS PIECE, for Private Representation.—"The Borough Member." Drawn by Wallis Mackay.

The writers include "Amphion," Lord William Lennox, Captain Mayne Reid, Arthur Skelchley, F. C. Burnand, Godfrey Turner, Savile Clarke, R. B. Wormald, K. C. Caldwell, M.R.A.S., William Mackay, Wat Bradwood, Henry Hersee, C. H. Stephenson, W. W. Fenn, "Andy O'Rourke," The Captious Critic, J. Ashby-Sterry, Alfred Geary, John Laty, jun., Dr. Steele, Byron Webster, &c.

In a Coloured Wrapper, price 1s.; through the post, 1s. 2d.

\*.\* The great pressure of advertisements has rendered it necessary to enlarge our Christmas Number by eight pages, which will comprise four additional illustrations and seasonable Stories and Sketches. We would respectfully suggest that our readers should order "The Stirrup Cup" at their earliest convenience, to enable the Publisher to meet the demands of the trade as promptly as possible.

THE

## HOLBORN RESTAURANT,

218, HIGH HOLBORN,

ONE OF THE SIGHTS &amp; ONE OF THE COMFORTS OF LONDON.

Attractions of the chief Parisian Establishments, with the quiet and order essential to English customs.

DINNERS AND LUNCHEONS FROM DAILY BILL OF FARE.

A TABLE D'HOTE EVERY EVENING

from 6 to 8.30, 3s. 6d.,

Including two Soups, two kinds of Fish, two Entrées, Joints, Sweets, Cheese, Salad, &amp;c., with Dessert.

THIS FAVOURITE DINNER IS ACCOMPANIED BY A SELECTION OF HIGH-CLASS INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. COFFEE, TEA, CHESS, AND SMOKING ROOMS.

FOR FEEDINGS, BREAD-MAKING, &amp;c., &amp;c.

## BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

HAS TWENTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

## THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS

May be obtained in Paris

Every Saturday Morning from

Madame Veuve Boyreau,

22, Rue de la Banque.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE

## ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

Per Annum.....post-free.....£1 7s.  
 „ Half-Year.....„.....0 14s.  
 „ Quarter.....„.....0 7s.

Copies will be sent to the following places abroad, on thin paper, on the undermentioned terms:—To Australia, Belgium, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, France, Honduras, New Zealand, United States, and West Indies, per annum, £1 11s.; to Austria, Ceylon, China, Constantinople, Germany, Holland, India, Spain, and Switzerland, per annum, £1 15s. 6d.; to Italy, per annum, £2.

Copies will be sent to the following places abroad, on thin paper, on the undermentioned terms:—To Australia, Belgium, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, France, Honduras, New Zealand, United States, and West Indies, per annum, £1 11s.; to Austria, Ceylon, China, Constantinople, Germany, Holland, India, Spain, and Switzerland, per annum, £1 15s. 6d.; to Italy, per annum, £2.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, at the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, either in English money or by Post-Office Order, payable to the Publisher, Thomas Fox, at the East Strand Post Office. OFFICE, 198, STRAND, W.C.

## RAILWAYS.

## BRIGHTON SEASON.—EXTRA TRAINS—

A New Express-Train, consisting of First-Class Carriages, and including a PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR, will run Every Weekday, between Victoria and Brighton, as under:—

VICTORIA	dep. 10 45	BRIGHTON	dep. 5 45
BRIGHTON	arr. 11 58	VICTORIA	arr. 6 58

This Train will convey Passengers at the usual Express Fares each way, a small extra charge being made for the Pullman Drawing-Room Car.

**BRIGHTON.**—EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

Fare, there and back, First Class, 10s. Returning same day by any First-Class Train, including a Special Train at 8.30 p.m.

**BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.**—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains for Brighton leave Victoria at 11.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge 12 noon, calling at Croydon (East).

Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace, Picture Gallery, and Grounds). Available to return by any train the same day.

Tickets and every information at the West-End General Inquiry Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

## MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others.—Globe. Sold in tin-lined packets only by Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS, London, Sole Proprietors.

**PEPPER'S QUININE and IRON TONIC**, in a weak or disordered state of health, prostration of strength, nervous derangement, neuralgic affections, aches and pains of every kind, sluggish circulation, depressed spirits, imperfect digestion, &c. By the formation of new blood, and its vivifying effect on the nerve centres, it develops new health, strength, and energy quickly. An increased appetite is always an effect of Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic. Thirty-two doses are contained in the 4s. 6d. bottle; next size, 11s.; stone jars, 22s. Sold by all Chemists; any Chemist will procure it; or sent by stamps by J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London.

## JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS.

with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action, may be obtained on SALE (three years' system) or HIRE from 15s. per month.—18, Wigmore-st., W. Manufacturers, the Brinsmead Works, Grafton-road, London, N.W.

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.**—ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Admission, Sixpence every day (except Sunday) from Dec. 24 to Jan. 6, inclusive.

**BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.**—Now on View. SEA-LIONS, the only specimens ever brought to this country; Gigantic Turtle, from the Island of Ascension; large Octopods, English Sharks, Sea-Horses, Boar-Fish, Herring, Mackerel, Sterlet, from Russia; Telescope and Paradise Fish, from China; Red Char and Silver Char, Trout, Salmon, &c. G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

## CATTLE SHOW WEEK. SPECIAL ATTRACTION.

**MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street.** PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alphonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenealy, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 800 Portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Performing

EVERY EVENING, at 8;

and on

MONDAYS,

WEDNESDAYS, and

SATURDAYS, at 3 and 8.

The universally celebrated

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS,

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND

MOST POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT IN EXISTENCE,

NOW IN THE

ELEVENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR OF ONE UNBROKEN SEASON

AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The Company is composed of

UPWARDS OF FORTY ARTISTES,

comprising in its ranks some of the finest Vocalists and Instrumentalists in

England.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC OF ALL THE SONGS

sung by the

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS

are written expressly for them by the most eminent Authors and Composers

of the age.

Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30.

Evening „ 7.30.

No fees; no charge for Programmes.

Fanteuls, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

THE POSITIVE GOVERNMENT SECURITY.

## LONDON "HALL-MARKED" 18-CARAT GOLD JEWELLERY.

CHAINS at £3 10s. per oz., 20s. Fashion, any pattern.

LOCKETS, plain, weighing 1 oz., any size, £4 10s.

WATCHES, silver, £2. WATCHES, gold, £4.

## FRANK FLOWER,

Wholesale Manufacturing Jeweller and Goldsmith, 81, KING HENRY'S-ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

E. W. STREETER's late Manager of the Jewellery Department since 1866. PRICE-LIST POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

## MR. STREETER, 18, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.,

having completed extensive and important additions to the various machines used by him in the manufacture of

## GOLD ORNAMENTS,

will supply, at greatly reduced prices for cash on delivery, the following articles:

18-CARAT GOLD WATCH-CHAINS,

For LADIES or GENTLEMEN, any Pattern, at

£4 5 per Ounce.

18-CARAT GOLD LOCKETS (PLAIN),

For One or Two Portraits, any Size, at

£5 per Ounce.

## MR. STREETER

also calls attention to

THE ENGAGED RING,

Set with Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, or Sapphire,

FOR £5.



## OUR SPORTING CALENDAR.

FRIDAY, DEC. 10.—Croydon Steeplechases (weather permitting). Smithfield Club Show—last day. Darlington, Edinburgh, and Canterbury Cattle Shows.

SATURDAY, DEC. 11.—Canterbury Cattle Show—last day. Ferguson and Reynolds—run two miles, £50, Springfield Recreation Grounds, Glasgow. London Rowing Club, general meeting, Putney, 7 p.m. Football—At Sheffield, Cambridge University v. Sheffield; at Charterhouse, the School v. Wanderers; at Richmond, Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, v. Richmond; at Kennington-oval, Old Etonians v. Maidenhead (cup tie), 1.0 p.m.; Wanderers v. Crystal Palace (cup tie), 2.30 p.m.; at Slough, Swifts v. South Norwood (cup tie). Mr. Clementson's Greyhound Saplings sale at Aldridge's. South London Harriers, members' steeplechase. Dublin Amateur Athletic Club Hare and Hounds, Finglas. West London Harriers' run, the Chippenham Hotel, 3.30 p.m.

MONDAY, DEC. 13.—Stanton to ride ten miles v. H. Tucker's Happy Jack, £25 a side, Lillie-bridge.

TUESDAY, DEC. 14.—Sandown Park Steeplechases (weather permitting). Alexandra Palace Dog Show—first day. Corrie and Briggs Coursing Meetings open. Feather-weight Amateur Boxing Championship, City Gymnastic Club.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 15.—Sandown Park Steeplechases. Alexandra Palace Dog Show—second day. Pigeon-Shooting for the International Gun and Polo Club's prizes, at Clifton, near Bristol. Coursing Meetings at Corrie and Briggs continued.

THURSDAY, DEC. 16.—Kingsbury and Tenby Steeplechases commence (weather permitting). Sussex County Club and Swaffham Coursing Meetings open.

FRIDAY, DEC. 17.—Tenby and Kingsbury Steeplechases—second day. Sussex County Club's Coursing Meeting—second day.

SATURDAY, DEC. 18.—Kingsbury Steeplechases—last day. Football Matches. Thames Hare and Hounds—short handicap steeplechase, at Roehampton. Surrey Athletic Club—two-mile handicap steeplechase. Dublin Amateur Athletic Club Hare and Hounds, Blanchardstown. Peckham Athletic Club Hare and Hounds—ordinary run from Rye House Inn, Peckham Rye.

## THE ILLUSTRATED

## Sporting and Dramatic News.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

## Circular Notes.

THE political consistency of Mr. Peter Taylor is becoming quite appalling. He has always set a face of flint against the idea of Princes of the blood paying for their little comforts out of the public purse. It is suspected that in his secret soul he considers the late Prince Consort to have been a greatly over-rated man. He is believed to entertain a scornful opinion of the Prince of Wales's Chillingham bull trick, while his opinion of the Prince's pigsticking exploits will be found in these lines, which appeared in a recent number of the *Examiner* :—

Ho, England, sound the trump and drum,  
Your flags and banners rig;  
From India's shores the news has come,  
Our Prince has killed a pig!

Each English heart will faster beat,  
With pride and triumph big,  
To read of this heroic feat,  
This killing of the pig!

Who now shall say the visit's vain,  
Or call it *infra dig*?  
Illustrious Prince, remain! remain!  
And kill another pig!

Mr. Taylor, or Mr. Taylor's bard (who evidently has "views"), has a right, if it pleases him, to denounce the Prince's visit to India; but if he knows anything about pigsticking there, he should charitably remember that the readers of the *Examiner* cannot possibly be acquainted with the mechanic of that somewhat difficult operation. They, we have no doubt whatever, are yet shuddering at the idea of Albert Edward Prince of Wales having set up business as a pork-butcher. And, Mr. Taylor, give our compliments to your bard and ask him if he does not think that a Prince who risks being ripped up in the hot pursuit of a gentle "sunder" is not, from a sporting point of view, entitled to as much applause as a Quaker who risks an attack of influenza in his efforts to land a ferocious salmon.

"Oswald Allan" is the *nom de plume* that stands for the author, or authors, of "Worthy a Crown." We have no wish to raise the veil which hides from the public gaze the vulgar Janus of Wine-office-court, for he can scarcely be a nice man to know. If he talks as he writes, he is probably a vapouring cockney of the *Eccles* type; but, after all, even Eccles, inebriated Republican that he is, manages to sing in tune. Now, we would be just to "Oswald Allan." His verse is occasionally both hot and strong, if it does lack that neatness which characterises the happiest efforts of—say, Frederick Locker. Note, by way of example, the following :—

He visited Boss-eye and Flurry the Bald  
(The Crocodile User this one is called),  
And near Dickapilly

[humour—the work is full of such felicitous touches]  
in Comfort's installed.

Then over the way to old Speakhard he went.

Again—

I'm diddled, I'm done, I am quite up a tree,  
I'm ruined, in fact, and I've not got a stiver;  
I'm naked of tin as of clothes was Godiva.

And again—

And now, on religion, he's gone nearly cranky  
And fancies he's gifted as Moody and Sankey.

And yet again—

"My Royal Mother, say  
In whatever way  
I can meet your views, and I'll try to obey?"  
O Ted-dee! O Ted-dee! I've sent you to beg  
(Now don't make me nervous by twiddling your leg),  
To beg you to be, for the sake of your Ma,  
In future a much better boy than you are.

Adieu, Mr. "Oswald Allan." You have tried a back-fall with the author of "Tommy, make room for your Uncle," and won. Henceforward he will have to put up with half a crown—of laurel—in the dim precincts of the Dials and the dark recesses of Short's-gardens.

The special ghoul of the *Echo* is at his wit's end, for want of work. He has interviewed Miss Wilmore and the sturdy, plump, and intelligent-looking children of Henry Wainwright; and the great-aunt of the active and intelligent police-officer who declined, at Mr. Stokes's bidding,

to follow the cab; and the one-eyed dog that snapped at Mr. Stokes's heels, and the call-boy at the Pavilion Theatre and his own editor, and still he is not happy. We would strongly advise him to break new ground—to lose no time in opening a fresh vein. Let him interview the Emma Mine.

It is pleasing, nay reassuring, to know that Mr. Mudie appended his portentous autograph to the address which was presented to Thomas Carlyle on his eightieth birthday. Tennyson and Browning and George Eliot, to say nothing of the lesser luminaries, would have been as naught to "the patriarch of English literature" without Mr. Mudie. Moreover, it was an act of graceful condescension on the part of the great disseminator of literature to sign the address. What would Thomas Carlyle have been without the assistance of his Mudie?

"But," writes the conductor of "Our Van," in *Baily*, "we must 'do our dreid'—whatever that means." We would also ask, what does it mean? Would even go further, and crave to be informed where in the wide world the conductor of "Our Van" met with the expression.

## STUD NEWS.

BROOMIELAW is still lord of the harem at Elsham Hall, and, if he could only get his stock a little bigger, would rank higher than at present. He is to have Salvano, the Cesarewitch hero, as a companion, and the latter will be useful in improving the cocktails of Lincolnshire.

Mr. Bowes advertises Westwick, Chivalrous, and The Old Italian for sale. The two Great Ebor winners are good specimens of the better class of handicap horse, and Westwick has the honour of being half-brother to West Australian. He has now been serving mares in Yorkshire for some time, with no very marked success; but he may succeed on a "lower rope."

Mandrake and Tynedale, two old standing dishes at Sheffield-lane, are advertised to be sold or let. The former was honoured by being appointed to an attachéship at the Court of King Tom, at Mentmore, last year, and we saw some good samples of his stock at Doncaster in September. One of the few direct descendants of Weatherbit now at the service of breeders, he should not be "shelved" yet, even though his success has hitherto been limited to Chieftain and a few other not quite first-class animals. Tynedale is the only representative of the roan Warlock; but we always considered him quite out of place in such an important establishment as that under Mr. Johnstone's direction.

We much regret to hear of the prevalence, in a most virulent form, of strangles among young blood stock at the present time. A very experienced breeder writes :—"It comes on with a total loss of appetite and fever before the swelling in the throat commences; and, as a rule, if they get over the first two early they weather the storm. This weather is simply fearful for young stock, and I heartily pray for a change."

Bertram, we are glad to hear, is to become Sultan at Easton Lodge, where Lord Rosslyn intends breeding for annual sale. Their new importation is, as all the racing world knows, a remarkably handsome horse, and a fair performer in handicaps. The great mistake by his party was their imagining him to be a stayer, whereas he might have left the turf with a higher reputation had he been more judiciously "placed" by his stable.

Trent and Paladin are advertised to stand at Laceby, in the county of Lincoln, at 15gs and 10gs respectively, thus bringing the county strength in thoroughbred stock up to a high pitch in point of numbers. Both horses are nicely bred, and more than average performers, and Trent is built in just such a fashion as to be useful among half-breds.

Lacydes is to have another season at Weston, near Shiffnal, Salop, and at 20gs should not fail for friends. Newry made his reputation a couple of years ago; but it has rather declined since the lamentable show since made by that "single-speech Hamilton" of the turf.

Vanderdecken, a prize-winner at Alexandra Park, last summer, commences stud life at the Earl of Aylesford's seat, Packington Hall; and his Sweetmeat blood is certain to secure him mares.

We are surprised to find that "old Lillian" still hangs fire in the market; but the price, we presume, is a stiff one. She is not very fashionably bred, but is made of such sterling stuff that she should have no difficulty in finding a new owner.

Mr. Gee has lately added a filly by Lord Clifden out of Maid of the Mist, and a filly by Parmesan, dam by West Australian, to his Dewhurst collection.

Carnival's subscription is announced as being full, and we are glad the Stud Company's latest importation has been so fully appreciated. The other sires at this establishment are, we are glad to be able to state, in a fair way to be in the same happy position at an early date.

We hear it rumoured that Mr. John Watson has disposed of Blinkhoolie for 3000gs; but the name of his purchaser has not transpired.

SALE OF HER MAJESTY'S FAT CATTLE.—On Wednesday last took place the annual sale of Christmas fat stock, the property of her Majesty, and fattened on the Prince Consort's Shaw farm at Windsor. Forty-two shorthorn beasts and polled Scots (steers and heifers) fetched prices varying from £35 to £60 a head, and 400 fat wethers sold at from £4 4s. to £5 5s. a head; and fifty large bacon pigs and porkers fetched £3 10s. to £12 a head.

SANDOWN PARK STEEPLECHASES.—In consequence of the weather, the stewards have postponed these steeplechases until Tuesday and Wednesday next.

KINGSBURY DECEMBER STEEPLECHASES.—In consequence of the weather, the stewards have postponed these steeplechases until Thursday, Friday, and Saturday next.

SKATING IN PARIS.—A large crowd mustered at the lakes in the Bois de Boulogne on Tuesday, most of them, however, as spectators only; but they had their share in the amusement caused by every successive fall of a skater; whilst the graceful evolutions of a lady on the slippery surface and the figures cut by some waltzers called forth loud marks of admiration.

THE WINTER IN RUSSIA.—In Russia the expanse of ice between Cronstadt and Oranienbaum has become sufficiently safe for sledging; the whole of the roadstead is frozen, and before long it will be possible to traverse the Baltic on the way to St. Petersburg.

THE RACING STABLE OF M. CHARLES LAFITTE, better known as Major Fridolin, was broken up on the 2nd, we learn from a Paris correspondent. Prices ran low. Mambrin was sold to Baron Seillière for 19,700f; Bourbon, to M. Malapert, for 9500f. The same gentleman bought Soudard at 10,000f; Shavoup was sold to M. de Berteux for 14,100f. A string of colts and fillies went at 2000f to 3000f each.

## Reviews.

*Strange Tales from Vanity Fair.* By Silly Billy. There is an immense fund of humour in Silly Billy, and the proprietor of *Vanity Fair* has shown a wise discrimination in reprinting the tales which have been written under this pseudonym. When we have said so much we have really said all that one can say in praise of the collection before us, but we are too genuinely pleased with them to dismiss them with so scant a paragraph, albeit we can add little to recommend them more thoroughly to the notice of our readers. Their great merit is their originality. Silly Billy's fun is *sui generis*, and at the same time there is underlying it all a vein of deep thought and reflection rarely to be met with in these days of superficiality and skin-deep philosophy. "The Yellow Dog" and "The Banquet in Downing-street" are specially noteworthy; but where all are so good, it would be invidious to select one of these tales for particular commendation, and we are sure that few of our readers, having once tasted the dish Silly Billy has placed before them, will leave it till the last morsel has been consumed with avidity.

*Time and Time Tellers.* By James W. Benson. (Robert Hardwicke, 192, Piccadilly.) It is not difficult to find instances, since the modern system of "puffing" has been in vogue, in which books whose ultimate object has obviously been to advertise particular tradesmen and their wares have been found to convey a great deal of very useful information. We are bound, therefore, to separate the motive of any work from the mode in which it is presented to us, and to consider the matter contained in Mr. Benson's little book dispassionately, without allowing our minds to be prejudiced by the obvious intention involved in its publication. Naturally, no one can be reasonably expected to tell us more about watches and clocks than a watchmaker, and we have no objection certainly to be taught the mysteries of his trade by any tradesman who is competent to place the subject before us clearly and plainly without the employment of embarrassing technicalities and in a sufficiently interesting and readable form. This, we are bound to say, Mr. Benson does. Of course a great part of his work is compilation, and he can teach us little that is not already known about the ancient manufacture of dials, horologes, and timepieces, and in respect to which we have far fuller information than, within the limits of his book, Mr. Benson can pretend to impart. Still, considered as compilation, Mr. Benson has very fairly condensed his facts, and has superadded some useful information as to modern watch manufacture which renders the whole a very useful compendium of all that it is necessary one should know about watchmaking, without actually making the subject a study. Mr. Benson's book will, no doubt, prove a good advertisement, and we don't suppose he will be ashamed of it on that account. Certainly there are many who will be none the less pleased to read it, and who will be, at the same time, glad that "puffery" has at last taken a higher tone than that of the poetical Heir von Joel of Messrs. Moses and Sons' clothing establishment.

*The Belgravian Annual for 1876.* Edited by Miss Braddon. As Christmas approaches the competition between the annuals rages fast and furious, and, among all we have seen, the one issued this year by Miss Braddon is well able to hold its ground. It is well illustrated, and contains many interesting tales by well-known authors. Prominent among these is, of course, "Sir Luke's Return," by the popular editress herself, which is a really good story told in her best style. "On Board the Viper," by Mr. Dutton Cook, is also very sensational. Mr. Fern contributes "The Secret of the Stair," a lawyer's story, which is also interesting, and there are a great variety of other tales and poems, which admirably serve their purpose of whiling away a leisure hour. "The Belgravian Annual for 1876" is a decided success.

*The London Magazine* (conducted by Will Williams) fairly sustains the interest inspired by its initial number. Some slight improvements have been effected in its "get up," and though, perhaps, the matter is not so generally interesting as that of last month's number, it is at the same time up to the average of magazine literature, and justifies our renewing the expression of our wish for the success of Mr. Will Williams's venture.

*Celebrities I Have Known.* By Lord William P. Lennox. Two vols. (Hurst and Blackett, London.) That a man may be a wit among Lords but a Lord among wits has passed into a proverb; and the saying will equally hold good as to successful authorship. It is rarely, indeed, that those who constitute the "Upper Ten" of society contribute anything to the advancement of literature or knowledge; and it is still rarer, when any of them essay the task, that they do it as well as Lord William Lennox, who is well known as a veteran in the ranks of authors, and who has not disdained to tread the thorny paths of journalism; aye, and to hold his own with the best of his fellow-travellers. If there was one thing Lord William Lennox ought to have done before he died (and he is an old man now), it was to have placed on record his personal reminiscences of the various remarkable characters he has met in the course of his long and chequered career; and we are glad to say that he has done it in the most charming form and with that easy grace of narrative of which he is a master. His Lordship's recollections date back to the Regency; and from that time his opportunities of meeting, knowing, and noting down anecdotes of all the celebrities of the day have been practically inexhaustible. The limits of our space will not allow us to give extracts, though we would fain do so. It will, however, suffice to say that Lord William's recollections have all that vividness and freshness which stamp them unmistakably as personal reminiscences, so unlike the *vaudrichauffés* of the ordinary raconteur, who has perforce to tell the story as 'twas told to him.

The first volume is classified under the headings of Monarchs, Warriors, Wits and Dramatic Artists, Theatricals and Dandies; and the second wholly to Sportsmen. It is this latter which more particularly engages our interest; and we shall hope, on another occasion, to refer to it in a fuller manner. Lord William Lennox, in the paths of both sport and the drama, is admittedly *facile princeps*, and anything that he may write about the celebrities of by-gone days in either line will, we are sure, be read with the liveliest interest and satisfaction.

CURLING.—The members of the Mauchline Curling Society, to the number of twelve rinks, met on the Nor' Loch, on Friday, Dec. 3, to compete for the parish medal and silver ice-stone, which are played for annually. The ice was all that could be desired, and some very closely-contested ties took place—length of game seventeen head—the final ties being finished off on Saturday, when the rink headed by B. Kirkland, jun., won both the silver medal and the silver ice-stone—an honour not often attained, as the medal goes to the highest winning rink in the first two games.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.—The most acceptable are ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, for the Hair; ROWLANDS' EUCONIA, a new and delicate Toilet Powder; ROWLANDS' ODONTO, for whitening the Teeth; and ROWLANDS' KALYDON, for beautifying the Complexion. Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Hairdressers.—[ADVT.]





1. Mr. W. F. Beavon's Shorthorn, "Emma." 2. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Highland Steer. 3. Mr. Thomas Willis's Shorthorn, "Pride of Windsor" (Champion Cup). 4. Mr. Allen Benjafield's Improved Black Dorset Pig. 5. Mr. W. Wood's Sussex Cow, "Fourth Dark." 6. Mr. G. Street's Fat Oxford Wether.

HEADS OF PRIZE WINNERS.



HEADS OF VISITORS.  
THE SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW.



## SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, 1875.

(BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

"High farming and old port for ever" is the toast of most of the supporters of the seventy-eighth annual cattle show of the Smithfield Club—i.e., if the appearances of the animals and rubicund visages of their bucolic masters go for anything. Taken altogether, every one of the 395 entries exhibited at the Agricultural Hall is a "sample" of what can be done by a judicious selection of breeding and crossing various strains of blood, so as to produce the most beef, mutton, and pork for public consumption. This is the *fons et origo* of all breeding and all cattle shows, or, as the French would say, the *raison d'être*.

In accordance with the rules of the club, not a single animal which competed at Birmingham is eligible for exhibition at Smithfield. The entries are divided into seventy-two classes—viz., thirty classes for cattle, thirty-three for sheep, and nine for pigs—and the aggregate value of the prizes is over £3000. All cattle and live stock had to be delivered in the show-yard before ten p.m. on Saturday evening last. Professor Brown was appointed by the Privy Council to examine the animals on arrival, in conjunction with Professors Simmonds and Pritchard, of the Royal Veterinary College, who represented the Smith-

field Club. In order to facilitate the judging as much as possible, the gentlemen accepting the office, twenty-four in number, were divided into seven sections, and got through their work much to the satisfaction of all the exhibitors. Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales are also large exhibitors at Smithfield, and, we are pleased to chronicle, took a fair share of the awards. Since the days of Jubal, son of Lamech, all the Royal families of the world have found it a pleasure, if not a necessity, to dabble in breeding cattle. The domestic bull and cow are undoubtedly of Asiatic origin, and the wild and fierce Urus which ranged the Hercynian forest was the indigenous wild stock of all other breeds. The present characteristics of the different species of cattle have been developed by attention to breeding and peculiarities of sex.

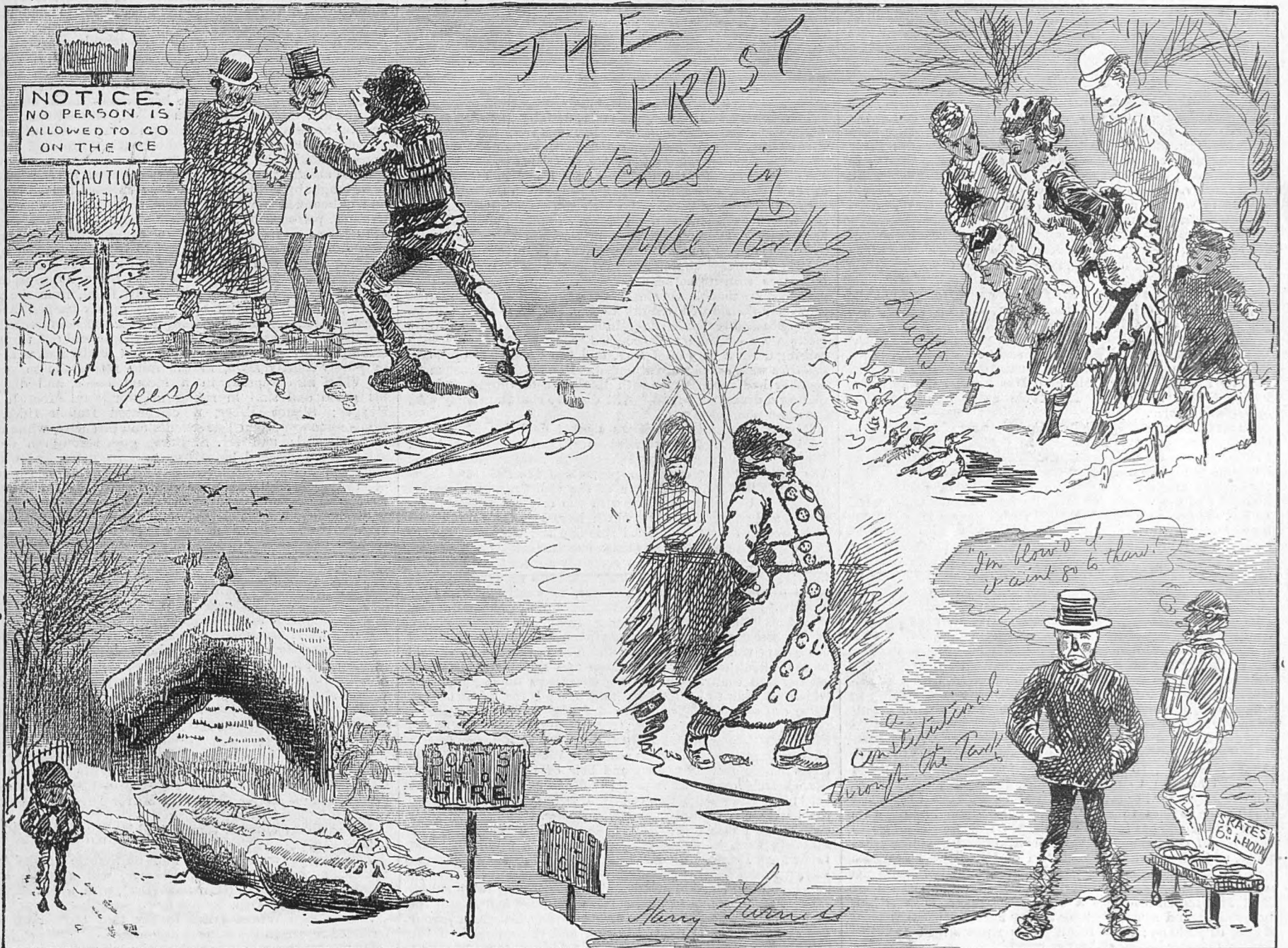
To the majority of Londoners the Smithfield Club Show is both amusing and instructive; in fact, it is the only opportunity they have of seeing the various breeds of cattle and recognising different peculiarities. Some will improve the opportunity by commenting on the specimens exhibited. Take, for instance, the Devon breed, which is least known in the metropolis. Originally from a mountain species, it came from the neighbourhood of the Taw, eastward of the Bristol Channel, and running through Barnstaple, South

Molton, and Chumleigh to Tiverton and Wellington. Most Devonshire farmers assert that the breed, in all its purity, is only to be found between Portlock and Bideford. They are readily recognised by the long horns, tapering at the points, of a waxen yellow colour, and not very thick at the roots. The forehead is flat, small, and indented: this is a distinguishing mark of the purity of the breed. The cheek is small, the nose of a clear yellow colour, and the muzzle fine. A black or spotted muzzle is objected to by judges. The eye should be clear, bright, and prominent, show much white, and be surrounded by a circle of variable hue, generally, but not always, of dark orange. The hair on the head is curly and coarse looking. The neck is thick to a degree.

The animals we have selected for illustration are:—

Mr. William Fox Beaven's, of Woodborough, Marlborough, Wilts, 3 years 9 months, Emma, bred by exhibitor, sire Master Arthur 29,311, dam Emma, sire of dam Ben Bolt 21,267; fed on hay, roots, cabbage, linseed cake, wheat and bean meal, and Thorley's food.

Mr. Allan Benjafield's, of The Poplars, Stalbridge, Blandford, Dorsetshire, 29 months 19 days, black improved Dorset, bred by exhibitor; fed on barley, peas, whey, and Thorley's food. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., Sandringham,



PREPARING FOR THE SKATING SEASON.

King's Lynn, Norfolk, Highland steer, about 5 years, breeder unknown; fed on oilcake, meal, roots, and hay.

110. William Wood, of Ifield Court, Crawley, Sussex, 4th Dark, 4 years 9 months, bred by exhibitor, dam 3rd Dark 882, sire of dam Harry 55; fed on hay, linseed cake, bean and wheat meal; had one calf.

Mr. Thomas Willis's, of Manor House, Carperby, Bedale, Yorkshire, Bride of Windsor, shorthorn, 4 years 7 months, bred by exhibitor, sire Windsor Fitz-Windsor 25,458, dam Blushing Bride, sire of dam Fitzclarence 14,552; fed on hay, turnips, swedes, cake, and meal.

98. George Street's, of Maulden, Ampthill, Bedford, fat wether, about 21 months, bred by exhibitor, from the stocks of Charles Howard and his own.

The champion heifer was the special object of attraction. It is said that Mr. White purchased her for £90, and that Mr. J. Baum gave the purchaser 100gs for her. A ticket is suspended by her stating that she is to be roasted whole on the lawn at Cremorne, and given to the poor in the same manner as Mr. Baum gave the animal that won the champion plate last year for the Prince of Wales. The weight of the champion heifer is 18cwt 1qr 7lb, and that of the prize steer 23cwt 2lb. The Duke of Sutherland's prize Highland steer, which weighs 19cwt 1qr 17lb, and Sir W. O. Trevelyan's prize Highland heifer, weighing 13cwt 14lb, came in for a good share of admiration; the latter has been purchased by Mr. Swingle, butcher, of the Westminster Bridge-road. Her Majesty's prize Devon steer, No. 23, weighing 12cwt 2qr, has been sold to Mr. R. Glass, Upper Norwood. Among the buyers of stock are the Paddington Meat Company; Mr. M. A. Carr, of the restaurant in the Strand; Mr. Cridlan, of Bayswater; Mr. Brett, of the London-road; and Messrs. Ryan, of Boston, who

bought a magnificent prize steer bred by Mr. John Tait, of Crichtie, Inverurie, Aberdeen, two years and ten months, and fed on turnips, cake, and grain.

At the annual general meeting of the club, Lord Chesham took the chair, in place of the Prince of Wales, the president of the year. Among those present were the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Dartmouth, Earl Spencer, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Earl of Darnley, Lord Walsingham, Sir W. Gordon-Cumming, Bart., Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, V.C., M.P., Mr. C. S. Read, M.P., and a large number of others. The secretary having read the report, which showed the club to be financially flourishing, and expressed regret at the decease of Lord Kesteven, Mr. Torr, and Mr. J. Beasley, vice-presidents, and stated that the vacancies had been filled up with the names of Lord Walsingham, Mr. C. Howard, and Mr. J. Thompson, of Badminton, the report concluded by congratulating the club on the superior quality of the animals exhibited at the shows, and expressing the hope that an increase in the number of the members would enable the council to offer a still larger amount of prizes, and thus extend the scope and usefulness of the club.

Mr. G. Street moved the adoption of the report, which was seconded by Mr. Allen and unanimously carried.

The Marquis of Exeter proposed that Lord Walsingham be elected president for 1877. Mr. Fooks seconded the motion, which was agreed to unanimously.

Lord Walsingham thanked the club for the honour they had conferred upon him.

Mr. T. Horley moved that the vice-presidents should be re-elected, and that Lord Tredegar's name should be added to the list, a proposal which was at once carried.

The trustees were also re-elected; and, on the motion of Mr. T. Horley, seconded by Mr. H. Overman, Mr. Brandreth Gibbs was re-elected honorary secretary, and it was agreed that a special vote of thanks for his services, to be signed by the Prince of Wales, as president, should be presented to him.

The scrutineers reported that the following had been elected members of the council in the place of those retiring by rotation:—Messrs. A. F. Milton Druce, T. Horley, jun., Robert Garne, J. Shuttleworth, R. C. Ransome, John Ford, H. Farthing, and Harry Thurnall.

Some of our readers will, perhaps, recognise either themselves or their acquaintances in the admirable sketch in "The Heads of the People." Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the attendance of the general public was very large, and, taken altogether, the seventy-eighth annual meeting of the Smithfield Club show was a decided success, and augurs well for their future reunions.

## THE FROST AND SNOW.

LONDON has enjoyed its annual transformation scene. That unrivalled scene-painter, Mr. De Wynter, has during the past week made even the stucco villa of our suburbs a thing of beauty and a nine-days' wonder, turning poplars into Christmas-trees of dazzling whiteness, adorning the squares with a general bride-cake appearance, and befogging parish and civic authorities to that extent that they supinely left the snow in the roadways to be churned into blackest mud, and allowed our leading thoroughfares to become veritable sloughs of despond. In the country sportsmen chased not, neither



did they hunt. Kingsbury and Sandown Park, as well as Croydon, steeplechase meetings had to be postponed. And the worst of this smart spell of early winter was that one could not enjoy the bracing exercise of skating on any of the great centres of skating in town. On the Hampstead and Highgate ponds there has been some skating; but the ice on the Serpentine and Regent's Park has been so rotten in consequence of the repeated snowfalls that skating has been forbidden. The ardour of one gallant skater was not to be damped by this edict. Despite the caution, this venturesome wight dashed over the frozen surface of the Serpentine, and the icemen of the Royal Humane Society had not a little difficulty in chasing him off. Well does he deserve to be immortalised by the pencil of our Artist! In the absence of safe ice, the asphalt was very generally patronised by the beaux and belles who skate on wheels. Skating Rinks, indeed, are multiplying all over the country. The one novelty that deserves special mention here was the opening of a rink with real ice at Sparrow's Bicycle Works, opposite Knightsbridge Barracks.

### The Drama.

SUCH inclement and disagreeable weather as has lately prevailed is always detrimental to the interests of theatrical managers; but this being the Cattle Show week, which draws to the metropolis hosts of provincial visitors, a great number of whom are sure to attend the theatres during their stay, the seriousness of the evil has not been so great as might have been anticipated, although the bucolic element preponderated in the audiences of most of the theatres and places of public amusement, as well as at the Agricultural Hall at Islington.

Besides the fairy spectacle, *The White Cat*, produced at the Queen's on Thursday evening, and noticed in another column, the dramatic events since our last have been the production of a new nautical nightmare, by Mr. Reece, at the Gaiety on Friday night, under the title of *Toole at Sea*; the revival at the Strand on Saturday evening, for the benefit of Miss Ada Swanborough, of Mr. Cheltenham's comedy, *A Lesson in Love*; the reopening, on the same evening, of Hengler's Cirque, in Argyll-street; and the production at the Court Theatre, on Thursday evening, of Mr. Gilbert's new fairy play, *Broken Hearts*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. G. W. Anson were to sustain the principal characters.

On Saturday morning performances were given of *Henry VIII.*, at the Gaiety; *Married in Haste*, at the Haymarket; and of Gollmick's comic opera *Donna Constanza*, at the Criterion.

On Wednesday afternoon *All for Her* was represented at the Gaiety by the company from the Mirror; and *Little Em'ly* was performed at the Adelphi.

At the Haymarket a special morning performance, for the benefit of the General Theatrical Fund, on Thursday, when Miss Helen Faucit (Mrs. Theodore Martin) appeared as Iolanthe, in *King René's Daughter*. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal also appeared in *My Uncle's Will*; and Mr. Toole as Simmons, in *The Spitalfields Weaver*.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Mr. Robert Reece's new piece of whimsicality, produced at the Gaiety, on Friday night, under the title of *Toole at Sea*, and appropriately described in the bills as a "nautical nightmare," was provocative of much hilarity, due, perhaps, as much to the drollery of Mr. Toole, personating himself, and the vivacity of Miss Farren, as to the trifle itself. It has the great merit desirable in such compositions, that of brevity and briskness, being in two short scenes—the first taking place in the cabin of Mr. Toole, on his homeward voyage from America in the steamer *Cormorant*. Mr. Toole is in his berth suffering all the agonies of sea-sickness. He is waited upon by a deputation of his fellow-passengers, led by Mrs. McUnicorn (Mrs. Leigh) and Miss Highflyer (Miss Farren), both rivals for the attentions of Algernon Turtle (Mr. de Belleville), another fellow-passenger. Sympathising with the sufferer, Mrs. McUnicorn and Turtle induce him to swallow their respective unfailing antidotes; and Miss Highflyer, by the ruse of having the dinner-bell rung, secures a tête-à-tête interview with the still prostrate comedian, to whom she administers her specific, in the shape of champagne, with salutary effect. She then imparts to him in confidence that she loves Algernon Turtle, who shows little disposition to propose to her, and entreats Mr. Toole to make strong love to her, so as to arouse the jealousy of Turtle, and thus lead him on to ask her hand; for unless she marries immediately after her arrival she is to be sent out to India, a destiny she wishes to avoid. The champagne has done its work, and Toole has fallen fast asleep. The scene changes to the deck of the steamer, where the real fun of the piece takes place, and which is a representation of Mr. Toole's fantastic and incoherent dream. He has recovered, and has found his sea-legs, and appears in the loudest of nautical costumes. Mrs. McUnicorn becomes a Helen McGregor, with shield, breastplate, and sword, seeking to slay her rival; Turtle is in a rage of jealousy; Miss Highflyer is transformed into an Indian Princess, attended by two trembling slaves, and makes violent love to the dreaming hero, who becomes involved in a succession of ludicrous and perplexing incidents of the wildest description, his difficulties increasing on the captain, who is rendered incapable by a terrible cold, transferring to him the command of the ship, and culminates in a storm arising and the mutiny of the crew. In wild despair Toole seizes two swords and overcomes the whole of the mutineers, celebrating his victory by a hornpipe à la T. P. Cooke—when the dream ends, and the scene changes back to the cabin, where the bewildered sleeper has just awakened, and is congratulated by his fellow-passengers on his recovery from the *mal de mer*. *Paul Pry* and  *Ici on Parle Français* still form portions of the programme.

STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. Byron's *Weak Woman* has been replaced here during the week by Mr. Cheltenham's amusing little comedy, *A Lesson in Love*, which was successfully revived on the occasion of Miss Ada Swanborough's benefit on Saturday night last. The plot is somewhat slight for three acts; but it has cleverly interwoven with it so many ingeniously-contrived complications and cross purposes that the interest is sustained up to the very end. It deals chiefly with the doings of two lovers, who, although rival suitors for the hand of the same lady, insensibly lose their hearts to another lady, a charming young widow, who had given to the younger of the two, who was bashful in his wooings, "a lesson in love," the application of which the apt pupil brings home to his instructress herself. The piece is well suited to the Strand company, and is capably acted. As the fascinating widow (Mrs. Sutherland), Miss Ada Swanborough is most artistic; and her high comedy abilities have seldom been displayed to more advantage. Miss Marian Terry represents the second heroine, Edith Leslie, with care and winning grace. Mr. W. H. Vernon and Mr. I. G. Graham admirably sustain the characters respectively of Orlando Middlemark, the more impulsive of the two lovers, and his hated rival, Captain Freeman. The two comic parts, the romantic spinster, Anastasia Winterbury, and the gossip-loving Babblebrook, are humorously rendered by Miss Lavis and Mr. Harry Cox.

ROYAL PARK THEATRE.—*Chilperic*, failing to draw, has been replaced during the week by *Genevieve de Brabant*, with Miss Soldene as Drogan, supported by Clara Vesey and the previous cast. Thursday next Miss Soldene takes her benefit, and the season closes on Saturday with the benefit of the directors, Messrs. Parravicini and Corbyn.

NATIONAL STANDARD.—The romantic drama of *East Lynne*, with Miss Ada Ward in the principal character, has been the attraction here this week.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Shakspeare's *Tempest*, with Arthur Sullivan's music, was represented here on Tuesday, Mr. Creswick appearing as Prospero, Mr. W. Rignold as Caliban, Mr. Righton as Trinculo; Miss Buffon as Ferdinand, Miss Carlisle, Miranda, and Miss Annie Goodall, Ariel. *The Comedy of Errors*, supported by Messrs. Rignold, Teesdale, Lionel Brough, Charles Collette, H. Russell, and Charles Steyne; and Misses M. Daly, Helen Ashton, Rooke, and Duncan.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The only dramatic performance here this week, and the last until after the run of the pantomime of the *Yellow Dwarf*, which will be produced on the 20th, took place on Tuesday, when Miss Lydia Thompson and her company from the Globe appeared in *Blue Beard*.

MORNING PERFORMANCES take place to-day—At the Gaiety matinée, *Henry VIII.*; at the Lyceum, *Macbeth*; at the Haymarket, *Married in Haste*; at the Vaudeville, *Our Boys*, for the benefit of W. D. McKay, acting manager and treasurer; and at Hengler's Cirque.

TO-NIGHT no change takes place at any of the theatres; but at the Criterion the last representation of *Fleur de Thé* is announced, and on Monday will be revived the comedy-drama, *Old Phil's Birthday*, originally produced at the Strand Theatre in 1862, in which Messrs. Edward Price, Edgar Bruce, Lin Rayne, and H. D. Burton, and Mrs. Edward Price and Miss Carlisle are specially engaged to appear.

### QUEEN'S THEATRE.

#### "THE WHITE CAT."

The long-promised grand musical fairy spectacle, *The White Cat*, as adapted by Mr. H. S. Leigh from the successful French féerie piece, *La Chatte Blanche*, was produced here, on Thursday evening last week, by Mr. M. L. Mayer, who brought out another Parisian success, *Round the World in Eighty Days*, at the Princess's last summer. To judge from the "beggarly account of empty benches" which the theatre presented on the fourth representation, on Monday evening, *The White Cat* has not as yet succeeded in drawing the public, though it may, and we sincerely hope for Mr. Mayer's sake that it will, do so, when the legitimate period for its pantomimic effects and numerous transformations arrives and much-needed compressions are made. On the occasion referred to the number of widely-distributed visitors to the 130 or 140 stalls at no time exceeded seventeen or eighteen, only three of the private boxes were continuously occupied, the visitors to a fourth retiring after a very brief stay, and the dress-circle, pit, and galleries were as sparsely attended. Doubtless the inclement weather had much to do with this state of things, and the regretted dramatic "frost" will dissolve simultaneously with the atmospheric thaw.

In purely spectacular pieces a great deal depends on the brightness and freshness of the scenery, dresses, properties, &c. When these become tarnished the original attractiveness ceases. *The White Cat* is an elaborate spectacle of the *Babil* and *Bijou* order, but is deprived of some of the indispensable elements of success by being mounted with the original scenery, costumes, and properties, all of which have lost their brightness and become dingy and faded through the wear and tear of upwards of five hundred repetitions at the Gaité, Paris. Some three or four of the costumes certainly appear to be new, but their exceptional brightness only tends to render the others more dingy. The piece, moreover, is wearisome from its inordinate length of three acts and a prologue, and superabundant dialogue; bewildering from the complications of its incidents and plot, compounded of episodes and characters from half a dozen different fairy tales; and still more puzzling to follow and understand the several metamorphoses that each of the leading characters undergoes, or by which of the two opposing fairies, and for what object, these are effected. There are first the heroine, Blanchette (Miss Rose Massey), god-daughter of the friendly fairy of the Ferns, who becomes first a rustic helpmate at a farm, then a handsome prince, and afterwards the White Cat; Pimpinel (Miss Annie Beaulerc), son and heir of King Matapa, and Blanchette's lover, who is persecuted and cast into prison by the tyrant King Mignonnette (Mr. J. D. Stoyte), who aspires to the hand of Blanchette; Pierrette (Mdlle. Fanchita), Farmer Grindstone's daughter, who is transformed into a dashing signorita, then into a duck, and then into a tabby cat; and Little Jack Horner (Mr. Edward Perrini), the rustic lover of Pierrette, whom the good fairy converts into an attendant henchman to Prince Faithful, and the malignant fairy subsequently changes to a turkey. The adventures and search for each other of these two pairs of lovers; the contests, in favour and against them, of the two fairies, and the quarrels of the two kings, are depicted in numerous tableaux, some of which must originally have been very gorgeous and effective, including "The Land of Jewels," "The Land of Birds," "The Cage and the Ferns," an elaborate transformation scene, in which the most elegant of the three ballets introduced in the course of the piece takes place. In this a very graceful dancer, Mdlle. Margarita Roseri, from the operas of Madrid and Paris, appears as première danseuse, in conjunction with Miss Clara Gerrish and Miss Emily Allcroft, and an efficient corps de ballet. The finale is another well-designed transformation scene, representing the Apotheosis and Rising of Titania. The attractive features of the piece are these transformation scenes, the three very pretty ballets, and the tuneful music of Emile Jonas—most of which is exceedingly pleasing—most of the songs, as well rendered by Miss Beaulerc and Mdlle. Fanchita, finding great favour with and being encored by even the thin audience of Monday evening. The most successful musical pieces were "The Duck Song," by Mdlle. Fanchita; and the mewing quartette, sung by Miss Rose Massey, Mdlle. Fanchita, Miss Beaulerc, and Mr. Perrini. There is no scope whatever for acting; the little that was required of the principal characters was satisfactorily fulfilled by Miss Rose Massey, who was animated and graceful as Blanchette, transformed for the nonce into Prince Faithful; Miss Annie Beaulerc makes a handsome and dashing Prince Pimpinel; Mdlle. Fanchita carried off most of the honours by her piquante acting and artistic singing as Pierrette; Miss Maude Forrester, Miss Jennie Lovel, and Miss Clara Vaughan were an imposing and handsome trio of Graces as the two fairies and the Duchess of Rosifera, sister of King Mignonnette; and Messrs. J. D. Stoyte, W. Worboys, and Perrini did all they could as the two Kings and Jack Horner.

### HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.

NEWLY and handsomely re-embellished throughout, the elegant cirque in Argyll-street, looking brighter, fresher, and more comfortable than ever from the warm colours of the decorations and the brilliancy of its lighting, was reopened for their usual winter season on Saturday evening by the Messrs.

Hengler, whose advent, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was welcomed by a crowded audience. The entertainments at Hengler's Cirque have long been distinguished as the most refined and elegant of their kind, supported by the most accomplished, graceful, and daring artists, equestrian, acrobatic, and motley, and conducted with systematic regularity and good taste. These characteristics were fully maintained in the opening programme, which, although presenting little that was strikingly novel, was most excellent, attractive, and well-diversified. The performance commenced with Master Leicester Alfred Cooke, described in the bills as "the youthful aspirant to equestrian fame," who displayed singular skill and aplomb, for so youthful a tyro, in riding and driving four liliputian steeds. This was followed by the dexterous juggling tricks on horseback by an old favourite here, Mr. Anthony Bridges, who subsequently took part with Messrs. Parish, J. Bibb, and Felix Ravolti in the comic equestrian scene entitled "The Riding Lesson," which produced shouts of laughter. Later on another old favourite, Mr. John Henry Cooke, went through his well-known scene, "The Bounding Jockey," on a bare-backed racer. A new equestrian manoeuvre, in the shape of a minuet and galopade, gracefully executed by four cavaliers and their partners, in picturesque costumes of the Georgian era, was introduced in the first part, and Mr. Charles Hengler received an enthusiastic ovation on coming forward and exhibiting the marvellous docility and high training of the renowned Bucephalus, rightly named "the horse of knowledge," which dances, fetches and carries like a retriever, and, in fact, does everything but talk at the will of its owner. In addition to the foregoing, several artists of remarkable ability, both equestrian and gymnastic, new to London, made their first appearances, and met with deserved success. First, Miss Nellie Reid, a blonde beauty and charmingly-graceful equestrienne, now most adequately supplies the void left by the retirement of the accomplished Miss Jenny Louisa Hengler. Miss Reid, with a seat and pose on the saddle as easy and graceful as her appearance in her perfect habit and hat is captivating, dexterously put her highly-trained manège and leaping-horse Napoleon through all the intricacies of what is styled the *haute école*, and proved herself a skilful and intrepid horsewoman by the dashing style in which she urges her spirited chestnut over a series of five-barred gates. She has been taught by Mr. Hengler, and well merited the double recall and unbounded applause which followed her exceedingly elegant performance. Another new lady artiste was Miss Lizzie Keyes, the première equestrienne of America, who fully vindicated her claims to this designation by the finished grace and neatness with which she executed, on horseback, a series of poses and leaps through hoops, drums, &c. Then there are Mons. G. Marius Vidal, from the Royal Circus, Lisbon, who introduces his highly-trained Arabian steed Aladdin, which, among other acts of intelligent docility, dances, and that backwards too, in and out through a series of flower-crowned pedestals, and finally makes his exit in purely courtly style, in the same retrograde movement. M. Vidal also appears in a second scene, and displayed his grace and skill in riding his wonderful Moorish steed Egypte; Signor Erber, a celebrated Italian rider, performs some wonderful somersaults and pirouettes while riding at full speed; and Mr. S. Burt goes through a dashing act on a bare-backed horse, leaping bars, gates, &c., with remarkable skill and cleverness. The gymnastic portions of the entertainment were contributed by the American Professor, Conrad, who produced some curious effects with his enchanted barrel and pole, and subsequently appeared with his sons in an elegant acrobatic entertainment à la Risley, and was greatly applauded in both, as were the three brothers, for some cleverly-executed feats on the horizontal bar. The performances are enlivened by the vagaries of three admirable clowns—first, there is the "inimitable Bibb," a worthy successor of "Little Sandy;" M. Sivad is a grotesque of much humour, and very agile; and David Seal is a jester, somewhat verbose and sententious, but with a cultivated style of elocution wholly free from the twang generally characterising circus utterances. The courtesy and attention of the officials are again conspicuous at Hengler's, the comfort of the audience being scrupulously looked after by the assiduous acting manager, Mr. Alfred Powell, and the secretary, Mr. C. E. Stuart.

HER Majesty the Queen of Denmark, their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales, Princess Thyra, and the Duke of Cambridge, attended by their respective suites, witnessed the performance of *All for Her*, at the Mirror Theatre, on Saturday evening.

MR. CHARLES MORTON terminates his season at the Royalty next Saturday.

THE New Stangate Theatre, built on the site of the Bower Saloon, near Sanger's Amphitheatre, will open on Friday evening, the 24th inst. (Christmas Eve), with a grand pantomime, entitled *Bo-Peep*.

MR. ALFRED WIGAN writes to say that the report of his intended return to the stage is unfounded.

OWING to the requisite preparations for the pantomime, Mr. Boucicault's deservedly successful drama, *The Shaughraun*, can only be represented for one week more at Drury Lane Theatre, where it will be performed for the last time next Saturday, the 18th inst.

"ANTIGONE" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Unquestionably the most interesting of the present series of revivals at the Crystal Palace is that of *Antigone*, which will be played with Mendelssohn's music on Tuesday next. When *Antigone* was produced at Covent Garden in 1845, under the direction of Mr. Macfarren, the cast included Miss Vandenhoff as Antigone, Miss Cooke as Ismene, Mr. Vandenhoff as Creon, and Mr. Archer as Tiresias. The cast at the Crystal Palace will be:—Antigone, Miss Genevieve Ward; Ismene, Miss Carlisle; Creon, Mr. J. Ryder; Tiresias, Mr. A. Matthison; Sentinel, Mr. Howard Russell; Chorus Speaker, Mr. Dolman. Chorus by forty carefully-picked voices, directed by Mr. W. Gadsby. Full orchestra, under Mr. Manns. As far as the exigencies of the modern theatre will allow, efforts will be made to approximate to the arrangements of the Greek theatres. The orchestra or pit being, of course, required by instrumentalists and audience, instead of being appropriated to chorus as in old times, the chorus will be placed in the front of the stage, which will be divided longitudinally, the action and spoken dialogue taking place in the rear, on a platform raised about two feet above the chorus-stage. The interest is so great in this revival that the management already announces its intention of following up the initiative it has taken by the revival of *Oedipus at Colonus* and other classic dramas hitherto unknown to the English stage.

THE LATE GEORGE BELMORE.—A performance in aid of the funds being raised for a testimonial to the memory of the late George Belmore will be given at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, on Wednesday, the 15th inst. The performance, commencing at one o'clock, will consist, in the first place, of selections from popular pieces now or lately before the public, and comprising *Married in Haste*, *Black-Eyed Susan*, *Our Boys*, *Weak Woman*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and the *Unequal Match*, by their respective companies. In addition will be presented the trial scene from *The Merchant of Venice*, with Messrs. Creswick,



Wyndham, Vollaire, and Miss Rose Leclercq, and the farce of *The Area Belle*, by Messrs. Toole, Brough, and W. J. Hill, Mrs. Mellon, and Mrs. Leigh. But these are not all the attractions, for Mr. H. Vezin, Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Edouin, Miss Loseby, and Mr. E. Righton; Mr. John Clarke, Mr. G. Conquest, Mr. C. Collette, Mr. G. W. Anson, and Mr. J. A. Cave will appear with special items for interludes; and an original address, written for the occasion by Mr. H. S. Leigh, will be delivered by Mr. Fernandez.

THE CAMDEN COMEDY COMPANY gave a very successful entertainment at the King's Cross Theatre on Tuesday last; *Raising the Wind* and *Won at Last* were the pieces selected for representation. In the former, the Jeremy Diddler of Mr. Baker and the Laurelia Durable of Miss H. Ford were deserving of special mention. The other parts were fairly played. In the comedy Mr. Baker again distinguished himself as Ferdinand Fitzsmith—his quiet, easy style being especially suited to this part. Mr. S. Caffrey gave us a fine piece of dramatic acting as Mr. Woolf, and as Buchanan Mr. Mitchell was all that could be desired; Mr. Dalton was admirably made up, and played well as General Warburton; Mr. Wheeler was a good Jan Stead, and Mr. Kendrick was satisfactory as Martin. Miss Eastlake's acting as Constance was in all respects a fine performance; Miss Ford was a lady-like Mrs. Warburton, but hardly eccentric enough; and Miss Graham was an admirable Mary Bounce. The performance was throughout attentively listened to by a large and critical audience.

## Music.

Music intended for notice in the *Monthly Review of New Music*, on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

### HERR VON BÜLOW.

As usual at this season of the year there is a dearth of novelty in the musical world. The production of Handel's *Esther* at the Alexandra Palace, and of Mr. Gollmick's opera, *Donna Costanza*, at the Criterion Theatre, did something to break the monotony of the pre-Christmas season; but until the new year begins we are not likely to be favoured with further illustrations of musical enterprise, and must chiefly content ourselves with repetitions of familiar works. Repetitions of familiar works may of course claim notice when performed by artists of celebrity; and the moment is favourable for criticism on a recent remarkable performance by the German pianist, Herr von Bülow. That a foreign artiste, after receiving hospitable welcome, and making large pecuniary gains in England, should take the earliest opportunity of expressing contempt for the English is not likely to surprise any one who knows anything of the personal histories of foreign travelling artists, and we are not very much astonished to find that a repetition of this familiar performance has been given by Herr von Bülow, and is chronicled in the *New York Sun* of the 17th ult. A performer so distinguished for "new readings" and for the "higher development" of art by means of eccentric innovations and wilful defiance of hallowed traditions, might be expected to introduce some startling variations of style when giving his repetition of the "old, old story" of mean ingratitude. Herr von Bülow has proved worthy of himself; and a brief account of his recent vocal performance will probably be read with amusement by our amateur readers—with dismay by his small but noisy clique of English disciples—and with interest by those who, without any wish to show illiberality to foreign artists, desire to vindicate English art, and to claim for English artists an equal standing with those of any other country. The discussion of this last point must for the present be postponed; but some light will be thrown upon it by a perusal of the petty sneers against the English which Herr von Bülow has thought it decent to utter, for the sake of currying favour with our American relatives. They may rely upon it that it will be "their turn next."

The representative of the *New York Sun*, who had the privilege of "interviewing" Herr von Bülow, naturally desired to elicit his opinion of the Americans, and the Herr gushed effusively.

"And what about American audiences, Dr. Von Bülow?"

"I do not want to say too much," said he, stopping in his walk, and re-lighting the cigarette which had been put out by the rapid current of his conversation. "I do not want to say too much, but I am perfectly delighted with them. There seems to be a combination of all the characteristics of other nations. There is the utmost reciprocity and appreciation. In this they resemble the Italians; but the Italians seem to stop there, and have no wish to learn. The Americans seem as desirous to be taught as they are quick to perceive. Then there is quite evident a spirit of reverence for the very names of the old masters. This is seen not only in audiences, but in the newspaper reports. I am much pleased with the way in which they are written. There seems to be such a spirit of reverence, even when the writer was evidently not a musician. And does not the Book, which I am sorry to say I do not read very often, say that 'Reverence for the masters is the beginning of wisdom?'"

This wholesale flattery was wisely calculated to develop the "reciprocity and appreciation" of future American audiences, but *latet anguis in herba*; and about those American writers on music who were "evidently" not musicians, more will probably be heard when the Herr has finished his harvest of dollars and turned his back upon America. If by the "Book" he means the Bible, he makes a profane travesty of the line—"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" and, at all events—as his renderings of Beethoven have shown—he has yet to acquire that "reverence for the masters" which, according to his book, "is the beginning of wisdom."

Presently the Herr descends to that grosser form of flattery which involves depreciation of absent people for the glorification of those upon whom the flatterer fawns:—

I have noticed a great difference between Americans and English in regard to musical talent. I left Munich in 1869, on account of my health, and went to Florence. There I taught. I had not had time to play much while in Munich, and had unlearned my piano-playing. I took it up again in 1870, so you see I am really one of the youngest players. As I said, I taught; and my pupils were the American and English girls visiting the city. There was the greatest difference in these pupils. I could soon tell, without seeing them, whether an American or an English girl was playing. The Americans put very much more soul into their playing.

The cute interviewer had doubtless been favoured with "soft sawder" from many foreign visitors, ecstatic in their disinterested admiration of America and Americans; but he must have felt that the Herr was administering a strong dose of that article when he declared, "I could soon tell, without seeing them (sic), whether an American or an English girl was playing."

The English are as badly off for composers as they are for young ladies with sufficient soul in their playing:—

There are no great composers in England—none that will live. Bennett is a miniature Mendelssohn. Balfe has written sweetly, sometimes, and Sullivan, too; but their works can't last.

It is gratifying to learn that Sterndale Bennett is a

"miniature Mendelssohn." That he gave up to teaching what was meant for mankind is the cause that, in bulk, his works are small; but we are of those who believe that his genius was fully equal to that of Mendelssohn, and will be so esteemed by posterity. Let us humbly hope that the Herr may find time to become acquainted with the works of the great master whom he so glibly depreciates, and may mercifully concede to him a duration of fame coequal with that which is assured to the pianiste Van Bülow. The genial Arthur Sullivan may perhaps be startled at the manner in which his friendly kindness has been repaid, but it will be useful to him to know that he need waste no more time in writing oratorios or operas, now that he is warned that his works "can't last," on the authority of a courteous gentleman to whom the secrets of futurity have been revealed. Of Vincent Wallace the Herr says, and probably knows, nothing. Macfarren, whose noble oratorio, *John the Baptist*, is alone sufficient to ensure him a place in the estimation of posterity alongside of Haydn and Mendelssohn, is also ignored. In fact, the Herr is remarkable for his ignorings, if not his ignorances, when he ventures to pass judgment on English composers. He is in this dilemma—if not fully informed on the subject, he had no right to discuss it; if fully informed, he has been guilty of the *supplicatio veri*. Whether, in the latter case, he was prompted by yearnings after the almighty dollar, and for its sake pandered to the lower instincts of those whom he indirectly addressed, is known to himself alone.

And now for another gem:—

No person can be a musician who cannot see the sunlight. It is much the same thing in England; they have a sunless sky and soulless musicians. To be a musician one must see colour. It is no accident that causes painters to speak of "tones" in their compositions, and for musicians to speak of "colour" in theirs. There is an intimate relation between colour and sound. Beethoven was deaf; but his deafness did not affect his compositions. Had he been blind, it would have been far different.

That Handel was afflicted with blindness for many years, and that Mr. Macfarren has been, unhappily, blind for many years; and that these two composers produced some of their finest works after they became blind, is probably unknown to Herr von Bülow. We will not waste time in discussing his platitudes nor contend for the occasional phenomenon of sunlight in the English sky; but the good taste, truthfulness, and courtesy of the expression "soulless musicians" deserve especial notice, and will doubtless be kept in remembrance by our musical dust and ashes.

The oratorios, operas, cantatas, glees, part-songs, and vocal solos of our composers, of course, have English words; and we have seen how contemptuously this great body of music is treated by Herr von Bülow. The next delicious extract will show—on his own admission—that, being unacquainted with the English language, he could not understand the works which he condemns to oblivion.

I speak very poor English. When I was in England the pronunciation there was so unusual as to be very distasteful to me, and I gave up attempting to learn the language (!). Since coming to this country I see its beauties, and am learning it.

Whether the Herr expected that the interviewer would believe this, it is impossible to say; but it may safely be said that among the "soulless" musicians of England it would be difficult to find one who would descend to such a depth as this.

And now for a final extract, which will be perused with pain and indignation:—

Arabella Goddard plays correctly; you can find no mistakes; but it is the playing of an automaton, with no more soul than one of Madame Tussaud's wax figures. Do you know Arabella Goddard? She tyrannised over London for years. Her husband, Mr. \*\*\*\*\* was musical critic of the London \*\*\*\*\* Rubinstein went to London and failed. Why? Because \*\*\*\*\* would not allow any other pianist than his wife to exist. My success in London was not due to my talents being superior to Rubinstein's, but to the fact that London had ceased to be under the tutelage of \*\*\*\*\*.

The animus of these manly utterances respecting a sister artist is obvious. Madame Arabella Goddard is immensely popular in America, and is at this time engaged as the "star" of a concert tour. Herr von Bülow also is starting in America; and his gains would probably be much increased if he could supplant the fair English pianiste in popularity. Under these circumstances, particularly as the rival pianiste is a lady, and a lady from whose husband he has received marks of extreme kindness, it would have been decent—not to say gentleman-like—in Herr von Bülow to refrain from saying one disparaging word, what ever might be his opinions. Yet he not only uses the insulting expression that her playing has "no more soul than one of Madame Tussaud's wax figures," but tries to disparage the enthusiastic admiration with which she was regarded in every part of this kingdom by insinuating that it was due to the monopolising influence of her husband. A more futile calumny was never uttered. Arabella Goddard was the idol of the British public simply because she was the greatest of English instrumentalists; and, as a matter of fact, her public performances were seldom alluded to in the great journal which had the advantage of her husband's services as musical critic. Her prolonged absence from England is a constant source of regret among professional musicians, as well as amateurs; and were she to return (as there is some faint hope she may next year) she would be welcomed with such enthusiasm as Herr von Bülow might envy. Her name is one of the brightest in the history of English art, and her artistic triumphs have been made in every quarter of the globe. Those who know how she can enthral and charm a listening crowd by the delicacy, grace, and refinement of her readings, no less than by her unparalleled powers of execution; those who remember how breathless silence was followed by rapturous bursts of applause, will pity the man who could try to persuade mankind that this gifted creature has "no more soul" than a wax figure! And all honest men will join in denouncing the unchivalrous and unworthy action, and in drawing a moral from this latest illustration of the return which may be expected from foreign artists who are hospitably received in England.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—The Stereoscopic Company have this year succeeded in grouping together so many quaint and ingenious contrivances suitable for Christmas presents, we cannot but sympathise with those "parents and guardians" who pay the unique establishment a visit in the hope of escaping therefrom without an empty purse. Amongst the novelties are the Arcana of Life, an optical instrument for transforming the familiar faces of our friends, a marvellous Kaleidoscope, a cabinet of mystery, the rod of the magi, a set of apparatus for Home Photography, and an exceedingly pretty and interesting contrivance entitled the Montezuma Puzzle. Amongst the cheaper of these admirable fireside toys is "a most diverting pastime" called "Angling made Easy." From personal observation of the prolonged efforts to "land the fish" made by a four-year-old angler of our acquaintance we can bear hearty testimony to the value of the toy as a peacemaker.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE AND THE BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—Your article upon the late Dog Show having been copied into one of our local papers, my attention has been called to it; and, although it is not my custom to enter upon a public correspondence, I feel bound in the present instance emphatically to state that the reasons you give for catalogues being withheld from the reporters are entirely incorrect, no such reasons having been given. The reason for withholding them is that, our judging being private, a resolution was passed years since that "no catalogue should be allowed in the show until after the judges had given in their awards," and this regulation has been continued ever since.

The dinner being a private one, I am much surprised that your reporter should make any comments thereon; and it is only to prevent myself falling into the same error that I do not reply to his remarks.—Yours respectfully,

G. BEECH, Secretary.

Athenæum Buildings, 9, Temple-row, Dec. 6, 1875.

[In answer to the foregoing letter, our representative at the Birmingham Dog Show repeats that the special reporter of the *Sporting Gazette* was his authority for the statement he made with regard to withholding catalogues from the press. A copy of Mr. Beech's letter has been sent to the *Sporting Gazette's* representative, whose reply we shall probably receive in time for publication in our next.]

ALEXANDRA PALACE DOG SHOW.—This show is to open, under the management of the Kennel Club, on Tuesday next, the 14th inst., and, from the great number of entries received, a success may be looked for. It continues open until Friday evening, so all interested in the canine world will have plenty of opportunities of paying a visit to the Alexandra Palace.

## PHASES OF FRENCH SPORT.

BEFORE hunting or shooting game in France it is necessary to procure a permis de chasse or porte d'armes, which is analogous to an English game-certificate. It may be obtained on application at the office of the Mayor in any town, whose duty, though he cannot grant it himself, is to transmit the application to the préfet of the département, and that official, if all is satisfactory, will immediately issue the permis to the bureau des contributions directes in the town where the application was first made. It will then be delivered to the applicant on payment of 25f. Private individuals have no right to demand from a sportsman a permis de chasse. The only persons invested with that authority are the Mayor, his assistant or deputy, the garde-champêtre or forestier, and the gendarmes. In the event of a sportsman being found by either of these officials shooting without a permis de chasse, he will be taken before the Mayor of the commune in which the offence was committed. This dignitary is generally a village farmer, who exercises a sort of summary jurisdiction. The permis de chasse confers the personal privilege of hunting and shooting throughout the entire kingdom of France for one year, computed from the day of its date. By the game laws of France (articles of May 3, 1844) it is provided that the préfets of the several départements shall determine by formal decrees, duly promulgated at least ten days previously, the precise day on which the chasse shall be opened, and also that on which it shall be closed. On both the opening and the closing day of the chasse, in most villages, the chasseurs assemble together and beat across the country in a body, or en grande battue order, as it is termed. This is a great event in the commune, and the night previous all the old guns are furnished up, like the old chasseur is doing in the first picture of our "Phases of French Sport." On la nuit before the eventful day our chasseur dreams of "rabbits tender and rabbits tough" until he wakes in a fright, imagining a general stampede of conies have gone over him, and that two monster cock pheasants, bringing up the rear of this corps-d'armée, have tickled his nose past all endurance with their long tails. Next morning, all the guns of the commune having assembled at the house of the Mayor, we see "le depart" for the fields, where, the dogs being loosed, all "go across country" like a gang of poachers in the neighbourhood of some English manufacturing town, killing everything covered with fur or feather, from a squirrel to a sparrow. The picture "Les Victimes" so forcibly illustrates the contents of a French game-bag that it requires no further comment from us. On the left of our "phases" we see the ferret being "inserted," as French sportsmen phrase it, into a rabbit-hole; while the gamin who acts as "carrier of the slaughtered" may be seen in an adjoining sketch. Sport is not "all roses," however, as the chasseur exclaims who may be seen falling over the treacherous bank of a *marais*, thereby frightening away a fine mallard.

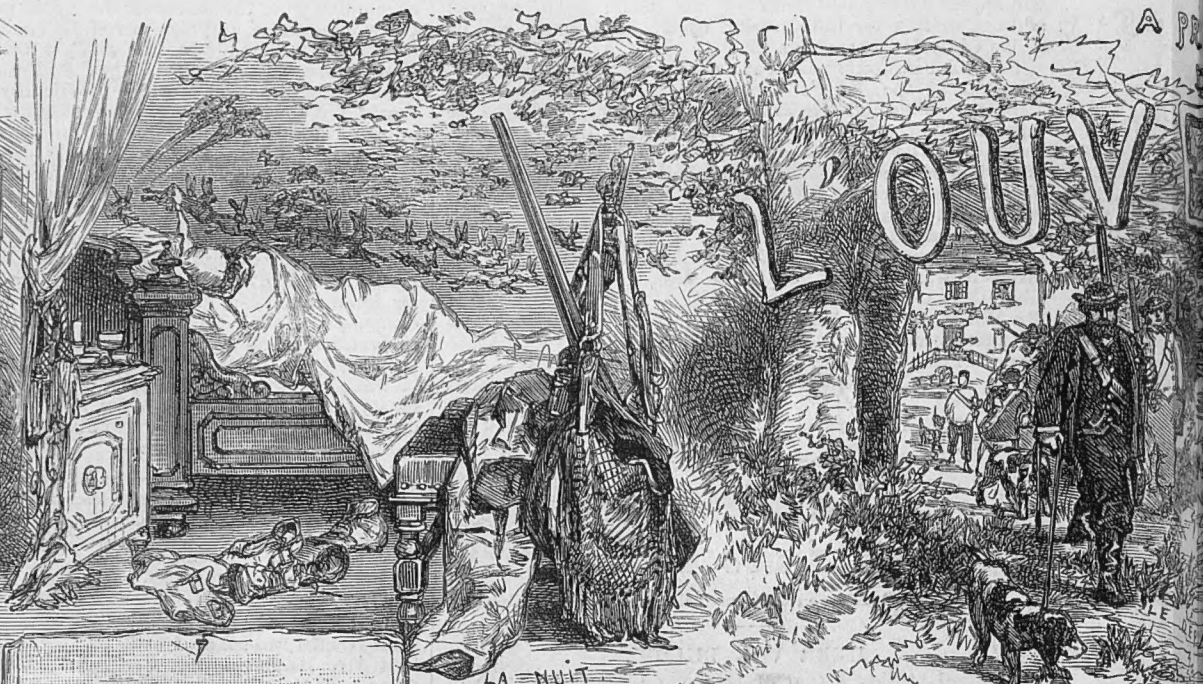
It not unfrequently happens that an outlying stag gets a charge of shot on one of these *grande occasions*, and goes away "Blesse a mort," as seen in the Illustration. How provoking it is that just as a chasseur lights a fusée to apply it to his pipe a pheasant should get up, like the one illustrated, where "Un taisez bien avise" with a vengeance. Eventually we see "Le déjeuner sous bois," where the ladies meet their husbands, brothers, and lovers with a piping-hot luncheon, and champagne is quaffed, and wit sparkles like the vintage. Finally, we see the dogs, having done their duty, are relegated to the kennel, while the "game-bag" having been deposited in the kitchen, "Les victimes" are speedily put in hand by the proper authorities whose business it is to *sauvegarder* the cuisine; and this is the "epilogue" of most phases of sport, whether French or English.

NEW SKATING RINK.—A new establishment, which will be known in future as the Royal Avenue Skating Rink, was opened yesterday (Friday) week, by Mr. S. Hayes, of the West-End Box-office, Regent-street. This latest addition to the rinks of the metropolis is situated in King's-road, Chelsea, near to the Sloane-square station of the District Railway, and consequently within easy access from all parts of London. It is a spacious building, and fitted up admirably in every respect. There are two skating surfaces. The one inside the building contains an area of about 1700 superficial yards; the external floor has a surface of about 1000 yards, and communicates with the interior of the building. The surfaces are composed of a patent "ice"—a species of concrete, which has been found the best material upon which to practise roller-skating, inasmuch as it gives just sufficient bite for the skate-rollers, which are otherwise apt to slip when used for fancy and figure skating. The lower part of the walls is painted dark red, with an ornamental border above, on a buff ground; the upper part of the walls is finished in bluish grey, the roof being a light cream colour. The square pine pillars which support the roof are decorated to match the woodwork and fittings. The opening was celebrated by a *recherché* luncheon at the Burlington, in Regent-street, at which Mr. J. Parry, the veteran buffo-singer and artist, together with a number of professional gentlemen and members of the press, were present.





LA VEILLE.



LA NUIT.



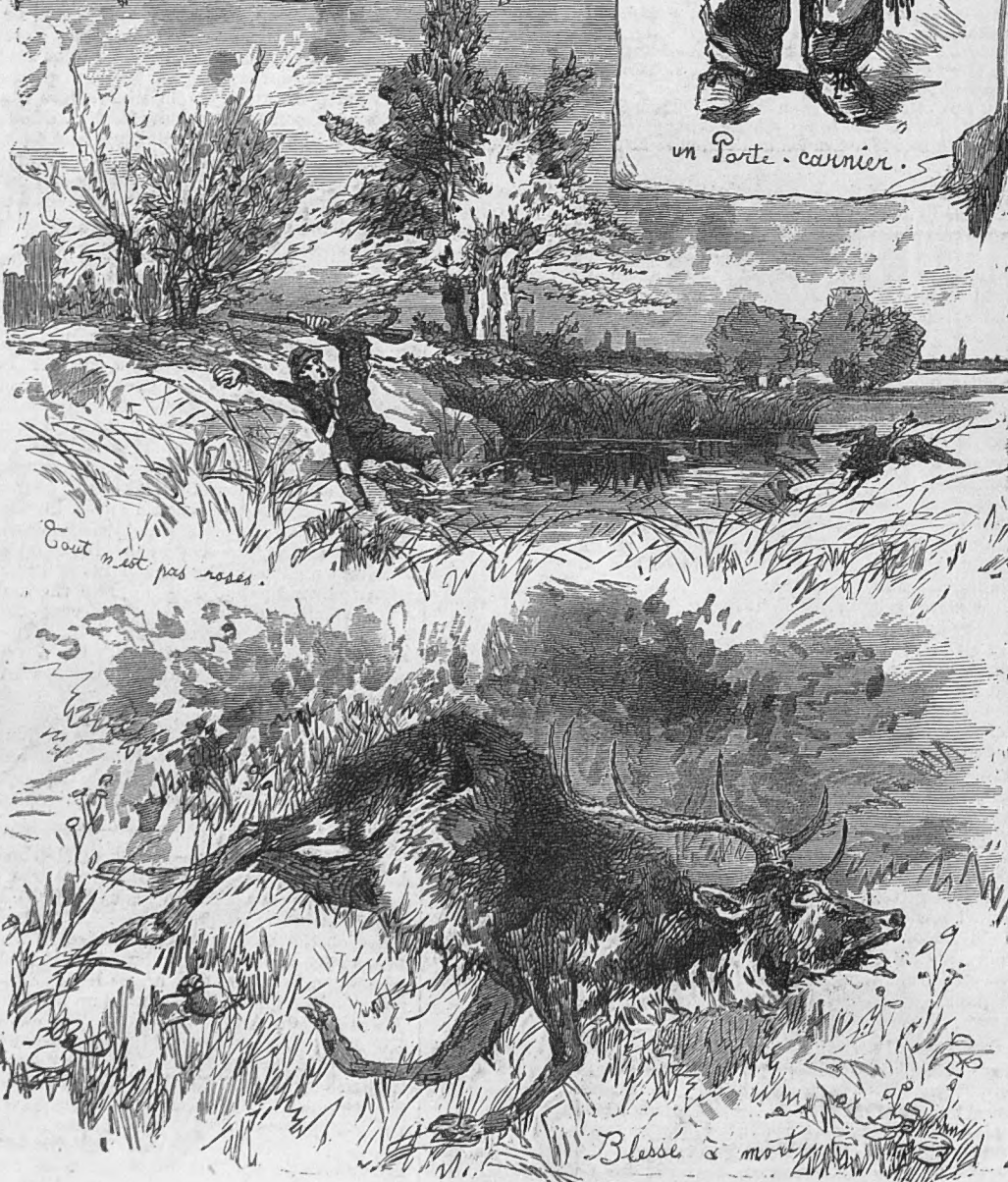
LE FURETAGE  
A BLANC.



un Porte-carrier.



VICT



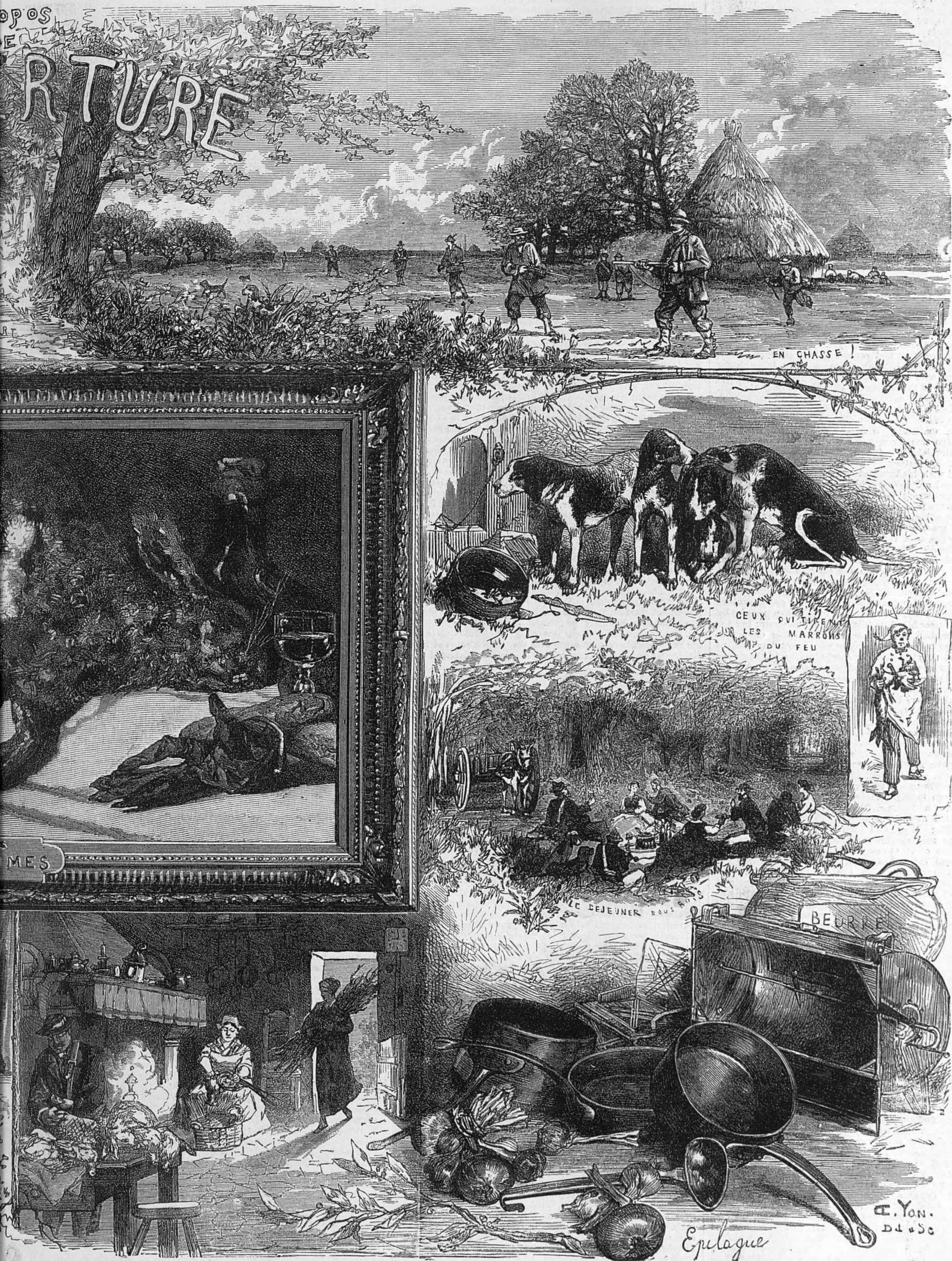
Tout n'est pas roses.

Blesse à mort.



un faisan bien avisé.







## Coursing.

Ever since the Waterloo Cup became a sixty-four-dog stake in 1857 the event has continued to increase in popularity and importance, and the name of each succeeding hero of the "blue ribbon of the leash" is now as familiar all over the world as that of the Derby winner. The brilliant career of the redoubtable Master McGrath unquestionably did much to increase the ranks of the followers of coursing and raise the standard of the sport; for his wonderful exploits in winning the Waterloo Cup three times aroused the curiosity and arrested the attention of thousands who till then knew nothing of and cared less for the ancient pastime. Royalty itself, in the person of her most gracious Majesty, was interested in the triple victory of the Irish greyhound; and, in obedience to a Royal command, Master McGrath was sent to Windsor to be "presented at Court;" and his trainer received a substantial honorarium in the shape of a gold watch to commemorate the event. The brief career of Master McGrath at the stud, which was terminated by his untimely death—an end so sudden that the idea of poison was naturally suggested—only tended to increase his celebrity; but it was satisfactory that a post-mortem examination of his remains revealed that he had died of an enlarged "fatty" heart, and not from any foul play. The first year of the Waterloo Cup contest in its extended condition resulted in the success of King Lear, who defeated the great public favourite, Sunbeam, in the deciding course; the triumph of the outsider being a rare slice of good fortune for the bookmakers. King Lear was the property of Mr. Wilson, of Dumfries; so that to Scotland was the credit of winning the much-coveted and valuable prize the first time it was increased to a "sixty-four." In 1858 a still greater financial blow to backers generally was administered, when Neville, a rank outsider, succeeded in polishing off the strongly-fancied Deacon, the winner's chance being looked upon as so remote that long odds were laid against him when in the slips for the concluding course. The following year Mr. J. Jardine ran first and second with Clive and Selby, the stake being divided between them—a great triumph for Scotland. Clive, who was by Judge, ran in her owner's name, while Selby, a son of the celebrated Barrator, filled that of Mr. J. Gordon; but both nominations were heavily supported, especially the last named, at long prices; and the result of the division between the Castlemilk Kennel representatives was, therefore, eminently satisfactory to those most interested. Judge was once more to the fore as a sire; for his daughter, Maid of the Mill, won the Waterloo Cup for Mr. Blackstock the next year, Lord Seton running second with his brindled bitch Sampler, who was an exceedingly good greyhound, and admirably adapted for the Altcar country, as was proved by her being able to win the Waterloo Plate the following season. Maid of the Mill's victory was an exceedingly popular one, as she was not only the property of a most honoured and enthusiastic supporter of coursing, but was also a very great public favourite, particularly in the Lake district. Canarado, who also came out with a great reputation, won the cup in 1861 almost unchallenged, and enhanced the glory of the already famous Beacon and Scotland Yet blood, which proved such a source of wealth to the late Mr. Ivie Campbell. Scotland Yet's next litter was a remarkable one, as it comprised such high-class greyhounds as Sea Foam and Sea Pink, who were purchased when puppies by that eminent courser Mr. J. Spinks for 220gs the pair; but for Gioloja Mr. Campbell refused the most tempting offers, declaring that the price of an empire would not buy her, as "she is the best greyhound I have ever had," said the owner of Canarado. She was accordingly made one of the hottest favourites on record for the Waterloo Cup; but her brilliant career was cut short by an unfortunate accident, which was little short of a disaster at the time to a considerable section of the coursing community. She reached Altcar in safety; but, in a spin on the Friday before the contest, she broke her thigh, and upset what was looked upon as one of the greatest coursing "certainties" on record. So great was the reputation of her breeding that Mr. Brocklebank gave £85 for her to put to the stud; but she was not a success. That year, 1862, Mr. Gregson's Roaring Meg, another of Beacon's progeny, carried off the Waterloo Cup; but she ran in Mr. Callendar's nomination, which was backed to win a fortune, the commission being very cleverly executed at extreme prices. The deciding course between Roaring Meg and Mr. Brocklebank's Bowfell was one of the nearest things imaginable, the last-named having the best of it at one moment; but "Meg" just managed to pull through at last. Next season a very hot favourite was supplied from the South in Rebe, one of the best greyhounds that ever looked through a pair of slips; but, after winning five courses in grand style, she was rather unlucky in the last, and Chloe, running with her usual perseverance and close working ability, secured the trophy for Mr. T. Lister, one of the most influential and popular of northern coursers. Chloe was another of Judge's daughters who succeeded in gaining the highest honours of the leash, and at the stud her renown was as great as her eminent public career. Although not destined to win a Waterloo Cup, Rebe made a great name for herself at Altcar; but good coursers regret that such a beautiful and excellent greyhound was, on two occasions, just prevented from taking first honours, for she was unlucky enough to again run second the following year. This time it was King Death who effected her overthrow in the deciding course, a greyhound of an entirely different stamp to Chloe, he being a fast dog, with sure and rare killing powers, which stood him in wonderful stead throughout the struggle, as he never missed his mark when he struck at his hare. King Death was a son of Canarado, and his success still further enhanced the reputation of the Beacon and Scotland Yet strain. In 1865 the winner and runner-up were Meg and King Tom, two greyhounds who were not nearly up to the high standard of those occupying these positions in the preceding years; but the victory of Meg was eminently popular, as she ran in the nomination of Colonel Goodlake, a name that will ever live in the history of coursing for a lengthened and honoured association with the sport. The succeeding Waterloo Cup contest was remarkable for the success of Brigadier, whose career previously had been of such a despicable character that he was positively disposed of for twenty-five shillings, after he had been running unsuccessfully as a puppy, at the Ridgway Club meetings at Lytham. He, however, improved wonderfully with increasing age, and fairly astonished every one by the brilliant style in which he kept on beating one opponent after another, until his fame was established by a decisive triumph in the last course over Fieldfare, who had previously won the Newmarket Champion Stakes so meritoriously that her Waterloo Cup chance was at once regarded most favourably. Brigadier comes of a good strain, being a son of Boreas and Wee Nell, and was bred by Mr. John Brown, of Nottingham. Brigadier's career at the stud has been a very successful one, and his fame as a sire reached its climax when his daughter Honeymoon followed in his footsteps and won the Waterloo Cup last year. It was a curious circumstance in

connection with Brigadier's victory that the principal amount of money for which the nomination was backed was invested on the supposition that Bonus, a dog of good reputation, would fill it, and, what is still more singular, the same thing occurred the next year, 1867.

The celebrated Newmarket greyhound Saucebox had run through the Champion Puppy Stakes with such exceptional brilliancy that overtures were immediately made for her to fill a Waterloo Cup nomination, and Mr. Stocker was doubtless envied by a great many coursers in having secured her to run for him. A very heavy commission was executed, and, the public following suit, the nomination became a very great favourite, but Saucebox went amiss just when her prospects were regarded as the most promising, and then almost any price could have been had. She recovered sufficiently to be sent to have a trial-spin on the Saturday before the contest with Lobelia, who acquitted herself so satisfactorily that the case was not nearly so hopeless as it appeared to be a few days previously, and the nomination advanced somewhat in the quotations. Lobelia did not lead off like an ultimate Waterloo heroine, for her first two courses were very slovenly performances, but, being long trails and against comparatively moderate greyhounds, she managed to win. As she ran on she improved immensely, and, after her third course, she settled down and won the remainder in a style that stamped her as one entitled to rank among the very highest greyhound celebrities. Her victory over a good bitch like Royal Seal in the deciding course was a very decisive and excellent performance, and throughout her subsequent career Lobelia greatly distinguished herself. She is the smallest greyhound that ever won the Waterloo Cup, as she weighed but 44lb on the morning of her victory; but she was by no means deficient in length of stride nor of muscular power where it should be. She could go a great pace, and, when once with her hare, worked with such rapidity and determination that her score was very soon a winning one, and it required a veritable clinker to put her out. She is the property of Mr. W. J. Legh, a Cheshire gentleman, who has owned a lot of good greyhounds. Royal Seal, who ran second to Lobelia, was from the Blakemere kennel—the same as that from which the famous but unlucky Rebe came; and Messrs. Haywood and Racster, who were at that time coursing confederates, have not been fortunate at the Waterloo Meeting, considering the extraordinary number of good greyhounds they have owned, and the almost invincible career of the kennel in other districts. As far back as 1862 their celebrated greyhound Rumping Girl was put out in the first round of the cup, very unluckily, and could then only get second to the Sea Pink for the Waterloo Purse. In 1863 and the following year Rebe, as already mentioned, was twice second for the Waterloo Cup, and the next season she was again sent to Altcar, and then divided the purse with Beckford. The Waterloo Cup hope of the kennel, however, that year was Reveller II., a son of Seagull, who ran into the last four, and, but for suffering from a broken toe, he would in all probability have won the prize, as he was unquestionably a better greyhound than either Meg or King Tom, the winner and runner-up. In 1866 Rebe was again selected to do battle for the Herefordshire confederacy, and so grandly did the old favourite run that, notwithstanding her age, she succeeded in getting into the last four. The following year Royal Seal was second, and the Blakemere representatives it will be seen have played a very prominent part in the Waterloo battles, although it must be admitted they have had very tantalising luck. These retrospective notes of the various interesting Waterloo Cup features have extended to such a length that the performances of Master McGrath and more recent celebrities must be deferred to our next issue.

## Canine Notes.

### BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW (Continued).

SPORTING DOGS.—Class 1, champion bloodhounds, contained only one entry in Mr. Reynolds Ray's Peeress; but class 2, bloodhounds (dogs), was well filled with an entry of seven. The winner, Mr. Bird's Brutus, is an unusually fine-headed dog, but appears too short in the leg to be symmetrical. Major Bradford, of Harrow, takes second with Rollo, a handsome son of Roswell and Peeress. Amongst the bitches Mr. Ray took first and second with Morna and Vesta, two extremely nice-looking bitches. Major Coven's Darkie, though doubtless a first-rate bitch, appeared a trifle short in the head in comparison to the winners. Mr. H. C. Musters's Torrum was the only dog present in the champion deerhound class; he is a large dog, with very powerful loins and quarters and excellent legs and feet. Mr. J. Hay won the first prize in the open dog class with his Rufus, bred by Captain Morse. This dog was well worthy of his position in the class, being a very good one. Mr. Parke's Bevis, the Nottingham winner, was second; and there were two commended in the class—viz., Mr. Macfie's Oscar and Mr. Rotheram's Young Torrum: the latter is rather an overgrown dog, and sprawls too much for a deerhound. Lord St. Leonards' Hylda was first in the bitch class; second prize going to Mr. Ford's Bess, a round-skulled bitch, inferior to Venus, which was highly commended. Lord Derby took first and cup amongst greyhounds; he was not, however, in the very best condition, and many think Covenanter, placed second, was a better dog on the day. With this, however, we cannot agree; as, though the latter is splendidly developed about the loins and has a good head, we cannot help agreeing with the judges' decision upon the present occasion. Third-prize Biester is in every point inferior to Master Byrd, highly commended, and they should have changed places. Bit-of-Fun easily won in the bitch class, beating Her Majesty (second) and True Girl (third); this class was a very good one. There were only three otter-hounds entered, all the property of Mr. J. C. Carrick. Rattler beat Tart, his only opponent, in the champion fox-terrier class; and Lille had an easy win in the champion bitch division; these dogs must be so well-known by our readers as to need no further description. Mr. Theodore Basset's Varmint (late Bendy) was placed first in the open dog class. He is an unusually well-bodied dog, with excellent feet, but his great fault lies in his ears, which are both ill-shaped and large; he is, however, a dog whose appearance grows upon one, and is likely to be heard of again. Mr. Whittle's Snap was second, and Buffet, in our opinion the best fox-terrier in the show, third; why this dog was passed over, it is impossible to say, but, as we could not see them off their benches, some new obstacle to his success may have escaped our notice. Young Rattler, also the property of Mr. Shepherd, was there; he is too leggy to be first rate, and is also thick in the muzzle. Mr. J. A. Doyle showed a nice dog in Trick, quite unnoticed, and old Rivet appeared with a very highly commended attached to his new name of Lad of Mancombe. Mr. Newton's Victor, left out in the cold, should have had a very highly commended at least. In the bitch class Mr. R. Earp's beautiful bitch Vine at last found herself in her right place—viz., first in a good class. When she was placed third at Hull, last October, we said she was better than Popsey, and the judges seem to agree with us, from their present decision. If she only had

better feet she would be better than Lille—that is, about the best in the country. Much to Mr. Earp's regret, she was claimed for the £50 she was entered to be sold at; and as the fact of her changing owners will, we understand, prevent her appearing at the Alexandra Palace next week, it is doubly unfortunate, as she was certain to be high up in her class there. Third in this class, Mr. Terry's Vic is a nice, level-looking bitch, full of quality; and Mr. Alston's Spink should have been higher than fourth. Trick, the property of Mr. Boyce, is a beautiful-headed bitch, and was well worthy of her highly commended. Wagg, of course, won easily in the champion pointer class. He was fully described in the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS of Oct. 23, when his portrait also appeared. In the open class for large-sized pointers the second dog's head was superior to that of the first, but the body of the winner was far the best. All the large-sized bitches were disqualified for being under 60lb in weight. In the medium-sized open dog class we liked the second dog, Don, far better than we did the winner; he is better in the head, legs, and feet, three very essential points in a sporting dog. His condition, however, might be improved. In the next class Mr. Whitehouse's Pearl, placed first, is a beauty; her feet and legs are excellent, and she has as perfect a head as could be wished for. Nell, the property of Mr. Hulse, is also a good bitch, but was quite unnoticed. In the champion setter class by far the best was Rap, the winner. He is a grand dog, and was shown in the best possible condition; he has beautiful feet, legs, and shoulders, and his feather is perfection. This dog also received the cup for the best setter in the show. The open dog class was an extraordinarily good one here. Messrs. Turner and Sudall's Dash was placed first. He is a grand dog, but low in condition and a little short in head. Second was Mr. MacDona's Ranger II., which appeared rather low in condition also. Ginx's Baby ought to have been much higher than H. C., and should have made a hard fight with the winners. Mr. Purcell Llewellyn showed four wonderfully fine bitches in the open class, amongst which was the winner, Phantom, and after her we liked the same owner's Countess Bear as well as anything in the class. Irish setters were a very good class, the winner turning up in Mr. Sandell's Palmerston, a grand looking dog, though now rather advanced in years. Palmerston's colour is simply perfection, and he is good on all points. Next to him on the bench was Captain Richardson's Dick, also a beautiful specimen, but, unfortunately, a very bad tempered dog. Naturally, when a setter appears in the ring with a muzzle on, his chances of winning are reduced to a minimum. Mr. Jephson's Dash, very highly commended, should have been higher than the second dog, Kite. The open retriever dog class was only moderate, Truth, the winner, being far from a first rate dog; his ears are very large, and his coat is inferior to that of the second. Nell, in the open bitch class, took the cup for the best retriever in the show; and this she decidedly was, her head being quite perfect and her condition excellent. The open wavy-coated bitch class was described by the judges as being an extraordinarily good one. Melody was placed first and Pelican second. We rather preferred the second, as her body pleases us more than Melody's, and there is not much to choose between them in the matter of head. The Clumber spaniel class contained a lot of old friends, notably poor old Beau; here he found himself with only "highly commended" opposite his name, and deservedly so, for he is simply a wreck of past grandeur, and surely has earned his discharge from shows by this time. Nabob was first, and Duke (aged ten years) second; he ought to have been below Mr. Allison's Dash, which is a really good dog. Sussex spaniels were very poor, Mr. Bowers's Max being the only first-rate one in it. This gentleman was second in the bitch class with Maude, which was decidedly better than the winner, Peggie, the latter showing a lot of Irish in her composition. Mr. P. Bullock's Bob, looking very fit, took first and cup in the large spaniel dog class, Mr. Bowers being second with Buccleuch; and Mr. Bullock's incomparable bitch Nellie had an easy win in the bitch class. Dachshunds were divided into two classes—viz., red and other than red. The former was an excellent class, Mr. Hutton's grand dog Festus winning first prize, and Mr. Bass, M.P. going second with Slap. The other coloured class was indifferent, the winner, though rather large, being the only good one. The extra class for large-sized non-sporting dogs contained two excellent specimens of the Bassett hound in Mr. Millais's Model and Mr. Seton's Ramoneur.

[We regret that we have been unable to furnish a more complete report of the show; but, from the obstacles put in our way, it was impossible to do so.]

### SWINDON DOG SHOW.

This show came off on Dec. 3, "Old Calabar" officiating as judge. In class 1, greyhounds, Lord Derby, the Birmingham winner, was quite passed over, the first prize going to a fair red dog called Refuge, and the second prize to a black-ticked dog, named Bravery. No doubt Lord Derby was by far the best in the class, though Bravery deserved his position of second. The pointers were well judged, first going to Sancho, a dog with good body, legs, and feet. Mr. Kenyon's Lancaster, placed third, was in very bad condition, or would probably have won. We liked the third-prize setter, Bruce, a red dog, better than the second, which is rather coarse in the head. Retrievers were a very fair class, but a terrible mistake was made by the judge in passing over Miss Gale's Sweep, a really first-rate retriever, and worth far more than a V.H.C. The third prize dog, York, had no business to be where he was, having a great coarse, clumsy head; but Shot and Mettle, the first and second, were very fair. In the sheep dog class the winner turned up in Scot, a coarse dog with bad ears. The second dog, Cheviot, had the best head in the show, but had a Pomeranian tail; third prize was rather small, but full of quality, and Bruce, highly commended, bar being a trifle light in the eye, was as nice as anything in the show. The extra class for large dogs contained a grand Labrador dog called Nelson; which won second prize, the winner being a very indifferent mastiff. Spaniels were a fair class, the winner being a good nameless Norfolk one. Second prize was a very good black spaniel, but its ears were set on rather high. There were two or three excellent Blenheims in this class completely overlooked. Fox-terriers were not a gay lot, there being but two good ones in the class—viz., the winner, Wrestler, a neat little bitch heavy in pup, and Mischief, unnoticed, which ran her very closely; this dog's ears are a little deficient, but otherwise he is good. The first three black and tan terriers, Empress, Jack, and Mr. Tanner's Nellie, were all good; but Nellie's ears are so abominably cropped that she will never do very much; she also lacks the "thumb mark" on her fore legs. In a class of twenty-three we never saw so many mongrels as were present in the bull-terrier (so-called) class. There were only three in the show worth their collars, and these were the three winners, Venom, Tartar, and Jim; of these Tartar was a long way the best. There were a couple of good English terriers in the variety class in Spartan and Mystery, both of which got prizes. The arrangements of the show were good, with the exception of the bull-dog benches, which were so constructed that, to keep the occupants from fighting, the chains had to be so shortened that positive cruelty was the result.



## Racing—Past and Future.

For the sake of uniformity, I prefer to adhere to the title originally selected for this article, though certainly on this occasion it would seem to a casual reader as if it had been chosen on the "lucus a non lucendo" principle, for of "Racing Past" there has been none, and of "Racing Future," granting that at the moment of writing a rapid thaw has set in, there does not seem an absolute certainty, for the weather is so changeable that from hour to hour no one can predict that Jack Frost will not once more put in his veto and scatter Mr. Verrall's fond hopes to the four winds. That industrious manager has been sorely tried during the last fortnight; and it is only at the eleventh hour that a telegram has been sent forth to the effect that it is hoped that the Croydon fixtures will be enabled to be held on Friday and Saturday in the current week. Should it be found impossible to do so, however, all the nominations will be void under the Grand National Rules, and speculators will have to look forward to the Sandown Park meeting, which stands postponed till next week. The heavy snow has, of course, restricted training operations to the smallest possible dimensions; in fact, it has been barely possible to give the horses a walk in most parts of the country. This will not be so detrimental to the chances of such horses as are being prepared for their early spring engagements as it would be later on; and, in point of fact, most of the young ones will be benefited rather than otherwise by their enforced confinement to their boxes during the present inclement weather. Of turf gossip there has been little or none during the past week, and the sporting papers lying for the most part all day untouched on the club table is conclusive evidence to my mind of the paucity of interest which is felt by the general public in matters equine just at this season. Per contra—the click of the balls in the adjoining room shows that the billiard fever has set in with its customary severity, so that, if they care to avail themselves of the opportunity, the metallicians need not find their occupations gone by any means, but may still back the field, and

gather honey all the day,

like Dr. Watts's typical bee, from every human flower that may choose to lay himself open to their enticements.

Such being the state of affairs, I propose to take advantage thereof to say a few words on next year's Derby, which I hope may at no distant time prove serviceable to my readers.

Of all the horses nominated in the Derby, the most prominent favourite, and deservedly so, since he has never yet met his conqueror, is Lord Falmouth's bay colt

### SKYLARK,

by King Tom out of Wheatear. He made his first appearance in the Gladiateur Stakes, four furlongs, at the Newmarket July Meeting, on which occasion he was made the favourite and won easily by a length from M. de Fligny, who was giving him 3lb, Prince of Tyre, Rascal, and Bruce being behind the pair. At the same meeting he won the Chesterfield Stakes over 3 furlongs 212 yards, beating, among others, Gilestone, who had previously made an unsuccessful debut in the July Stakes, but who came with so high a reputation from home that he was again made favourite in this race; Correggio and Zee, both of whom had shown some good form previously, and Camembert, who ran fairly well later on in the year, and whose debut it was on this occasion. Skylark next came out at the Newmarket First October Meeting, and with odds on him beat Algarsye and Charivari for the Rutland Stakes, giving them 4lb and 7lb respectively. His final appearance was at the Second October Meeting, where for the Post Sweepstakes, over six furlongs, he won easily by three lengths from King Death, Twine the Plaiden, and Coltness. This was unquestionably his best performance, and I am bound to confess that there is nothing superlatively brilliant in any of them. Still the fact remains that whatever he has yet attempted he has accomplished with ease, and no horse can do more, so that he may be, as indeed is asserted, the best horse in England, for aught we know to the contrary. There can be no doubt but that he is in efficient hands, for nobody understands his business better than Matt Dawson; but even Matt is in the hands of Fate, and if the horse has shown symptoms of unsoundness—which may be the case, from his having been fired on his hocks recently for curb—the trainer will have all his work cut out to bring him fit to the post next May. Under the circumstances I think I would prefer to wait before taking so short a price as 8 to 1 about Lord Falmouth's colt; and, indeed, I think it may be taken for granted that before the day a far longer figure will be forthcoming, as other horses are quoted in the returns. Summing up his performances, it will be seen that the best horses he has beaten were M. de Fligny, Algarsye, King Death, Zee, and Twine the Plaiden. Of this quintette we may dismiss King Death, Algarsye, and Zee, as Twine the Plaiden has beaten them all three—the latter, three several times. On the occasion when Mr. Bowes's filly was beaten by Skylark she had a race in her the same afternoon; and the only other time when she has not been victorious was when she was beaten so easily by Springfield at York, and even then the speedy Glendale was behind her. Her form is therefore superior to that of the others named, except M. de Fligny, who, though he has run some good races, has shown himself so uncertain that I shall assume his running with Skylark to be correct.

It may therefore be taken that of all the animals I have named Skylark is unquestionably the best, and through Twine the Plaiden's running with him at Newmarket, and with Springfield at York, in both of which races she was beaten by the same distance, it would tend to make out Skylark and Springfield to be nearly the same animal, though, personally, I consider Springfield the best two-year-old we have seen for many a year, and were he in the Derby I should consider the race as good as over already, fitness and health on the day being understood.

Next week I shall review the performances of some of the others, and by the time current topics begin to engross attention I shall hope to have arrived at some definite conclusion respecting the aspect of the Blue Ribbon for 1876.

A word to the wise.—The winner of the Waterloo Cup is now at 40 to 1, but it is as yet premature to publish the name of the nomination. Honeymoon, who won last year, is said to be capable of rivaling the doughty deeds of Master McGrath; but 8 to 1 is a short price to take just now, and the owner of the dog I shall go for fears nothing. It is the first time he has ever held a Waterloo Cup nomination, and if I am not altogether deceived it will be a case of winning the first time of asking. If any of my readers care to write privately to me on the subject I shall be happy to give them the office—under the strict seal of secrecy—in time to take advantage of the long odds.

DONCASTER.

LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints and Inflammation.—Have it in your houses, and use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

## Athletic Sports.

Owing to the severe spell of wintry, though perhaps seasonable, weather experienced for the last week no athletic meeting of note has taken place. Still, rackets, golf, football, and rowing demand a few words from me. On Wednesday evening, last week, the annual dinner of the London Athletic Club took place at the Criterion, Piccadilly, when a large company was present. It is almost needless for me to state how the club has increased, both numerically and financially, in the last few years, and no one will be bold enough to deny that this success is not attributable to the unwearied exertions of that most estimable and courteous pair of brothers, the Messrs. James and William Waddell, who fill the important offices of hon. treasurer and hon. secretary of the club respectively. In the unavoidable absence of the Earl of Jersey, who was to have presided, the chair was taken by Mr. J. Waddell. After the cloth was removed, the chairman proposed the toast of the evening—viz., "Success to the London Athletic Club," to which his brother, Mr. William, responded. In the course of his remarks the hon. sec. stated that the club was never in a more prosperous condition, there being at present no less than 419 members, of which number 119 had been elected during the present year. Their expenses amounted to £870, against £470 last year; but this outlay was fully compensated for by their increased receipts, thanks to the number of excellent "gates" during the past season. The hon. sec. also alluded to the necessity of their obtaining a new ground of their own; but this, with all due deference, I venture to think would prove a mistake, as the facilities for reaching the ground at Lillie-bridge are unequalled; and, moreover, any member of the club engaged during the day can, without much inconvenience, do his spin before going to business, or after leaving work can run down from the City in about half an hour and have everything prepared on his arrival; whereas, were the club to look out "fresh fields and pastures new" (to make the conventional misquotation), these advantages would not obtain. There are other reasons, which, perhaps, do not appear on the first blush. Suppose a new ground were obtained, there would be certain to be several perfectly satisfied with the arrangements as they now stand, and who would, perhaps, positively refuse to leave Lillie-bridge; and this, without doubt, would be the effect of starting another club at the old head-quarters, and dissent and schism would inevitably be the consequence. However, all this may be hypothetical on my part. From personal experience, I can fully bear out Mr. W. Waddell's remarks about the attendance at their meetings this year being unprecedented, and this may doubtless in a great measure be accounted for by the unusually fine weather they have this season been favoured with. It had almost passed into a by-word that whenever one of their meetings was held foul weather was certain to ensue; but this, I am glad to say, has proved the exception and not the rule this year. Some wonderful times have been made by their members, notably by Mr. Walter Slade, for the mile challenge cup, in 4min 24½sec—the fastest time on record; and by Mr. F. T. Elborough, who now holds no less than four challenge cups. Wishing the L.A.C. greater success than ever next year, I bid them adieu for the season 1875.

In consequence of the inclement weather, Trinity College, Oxford, sports—which were to have taken place on Friday and Saturday last—were postponed until next term. The committee of St. John's College sports have also decided on the same course of action; and it is not at all improbable that Keble College will follow the example set them by Trinity and St. John's. The members of the West London Harriers had a torchlight run on Friday, last week, the course being across the Falcon-bridge and fields to Shootup-hill, and thence along the road through Cricklewood to the Welsh Harp. Here a halt was made, and, on starting again, the route lay to the Upper Welsh Harp, down the lane to the left, and so on to Kingsbury racecourse. Here, owing to the snow, the pace-makers, C. A. Sauger and T. W. Mogford, were at fault, and some time was lost before the track for home was found. Succeeding at last, they passed through Willesden, Harlesdon-green, Kensal-green, St. Peter's Park, home, "all having had enough of it," and so I should think. Nothing daunted by the snow, which in some places lay three inches deep in the fields, a few of the members of the Peckham A.A.C. turned up, on Saturday last, for their usual fortnightly cross-country run. The course was as follows:—Starting from the Rye House Inn, it ran down by the King's Arms, over Goose-green, along Dulwich-grove, thence over the fields to the road, past the Grove Tavern, over the railway, up the hill to the Observatory, across Forest-hill-road, and back to the railway-signals at Wastehap, then across the Newlands, and home down the Rye. W. H. Brooker, W. N. Colson, W. W. Davis, F. T. Pridmore, and H. D. Thomas, members of the club; and F. J. Williams, South London Harriers, started. Of these, Brooker and Davis came in first, having left the Rye at 4.30, and arriving home at 5.20.

For the Newbury challenge cup at rackets, a terminal event, open to members of St. John's College, Cambridge, only five entered; and on Thursday week the contest ended as under:—Heat 1: Buckingham, 15, 15, and 15, beat Cooper, 2, 7, and 10. Heat 2: Stuart, 15, 15, and 15, beat Mann, 7, 4, and 8; Cope odd man. Second Ties—Heat 1: Buckingham, 15, 15, and 15, beat Cope, 2, 6, and 6. Stuart having drawn a bye, he was left in to oppose Buckingham for the deciding heat, which consisted of the best of five games. The first game of the final ties fell to Buckingham, by 15 to 1. In the second game Buckingham scored 9 to "love." Stuart then put on 7 aces, and, playing uncommonly well, was at one time 13 to 11. Buckingham then added two, and made the game 13 all, when it was "set" to 5. Eventually Buckingham won by 5 to "love;" and the third also fell to his share by 15 to 6. The winner was formerly at Haileybury, while Stuart hails (no pun intended) from Uppingham.

The great golf-match for £50 a side, between Mr. Arthur Molesworth and Tom Morris, jun., which had been proceeding for six days, was brought to a conclusion at St. Andrew's Links on Tuesday. The conditions were of a double nature—one half the stakes depending on winning most holes, the other half on winning most rounds (twelve rounds to be played), the amateur receiving a third. On Wednesday Morris was twelve holes and four rounds to the good. On Friday they played "square," and the score was unaltered. In spite of the stormy weather on Saturday, Mr. Molesworth somewhat lessened his opponent's lead, Morris being at the close of the day's play nine in holes and two in rounds ahead. On Monday the snow lay so thick on the green and the wind blew so strongly that Morris was disinclined to proceed; but the umpire overruled this. At the finish of the day Morris led by thirteen holes and two rounds. Tuesday was the sixth and last day of the contest. The eleventh round was halved, but in the twelfth and last Morris won the match by eleven up with ten to play. He also won by two rounds, and is thus the winner of both events. Considering that Mr. Molesworth is a stranger to St. Andrew's Links, he played a very good game, especially in driving.

At the time of writing there seems every prospect of the

frost giving, and football players will, doubtless, pursue their favourite pastime with renewed vigour after being frozen out for a week. No less than five of the second ties for the Association Challenge Cup are set for decision on this Saturday (weather permitting), as will be gathered from the following list:—

At Kennington Oval, Old Etonians v. Maidenhead, 1 p.m.

At Kennington Oval, Wanderers v. Crystal Palace, 2.30 p.m.

At Watford, Oxford University v. Hertfordshire Rangers.

At Slough, South Norwood v. The Swifts.

At Cambridge, Reigate Priory v. Cambridge University.

Among the matches which have taken place in the last week but few call for any remark. The tie for the Scottish Association Challenge Cup between the Queen's Park Club and the Clydesdale Club took place on the ground of the former, and drew together about 3000 spectators, the opposing teams being two of the strongest in the "land o' cakes." The Clydesdale were pressed nearly throughout the whole game, and Queen's Park won by two goals to none. On Wednesday, the 1st inst., a team of the United Hospitals journeyed to Cambridge and tried conclusions with the University Rugby Union on Parker's Piece. The ground was dreadfully hard, and a bitterly cold wind was blowing. Notwithstanding this, a large number of spectators assembled to watch the game, which was most obstinately contested. For the first ten minutes neither side gained any advantage, the ball being kept in the centre of the ground. The Cambridge forwards then, working well together, got the ball down towards the Hospital lines; but, although compelled to touch down once in self-defence, the medics were quite equal to the occasion, and at half-time no definite result had been obtained. Ends were now changed, and again was the stronghold of the disciples of Galen jeopardised, Roffey, one of the light blue half-backs, getting the ball behind; the place kick, however, was unsuccessful. No further advantage was obtained by either side, although the game was contested in a most spirited manner to the end. Thus the University won by one try to nothing. On the same day the representatives of the two adjoining counties, Buckinghamshire and Berkshire, met on the Dolphin ground, Slough. As at nearly all other places, the ground was frightfully hard, and it is fortunate that no bones were broken. Both sides were evenly balanced, and, after a most pleasant and closely-contested game, no goal was obtained, and the match thus ended in a draw. On Saturday last the Sheffield (Garrick) Club and the Nottingham (Lace) Club met at Bramall-lane, Sheffield. As a rather heavy fall of snow had taken place shortly before commencing, there were but few spectators present, a rather unusual circumstance for Sheffield. At first the Notts team had the best of the game, but the first goal was obtained by Sheffield. After changing ends the visitors soon equalised matters, and, no other score being made, a drawn game was the result. Among other postponements in consequence of the unpropitious state of the weather on Saturday was the match between Edinburgh and Glasgow, which in Scotland excites as much interest as the Oxford and Cambridge match in England. A match was announced to take place, in any weather—the italics are not mine—on Kennington Oval, last Saturday afternoon, between the Military Academy, Woolwich, and the Military College, Sandhurst. Everything had been prepared for the game, the snow having been carefully cleared off the playing ground early in the day. Half-past two was the time fixed for commencing, and at that hour the Woolwich team were on the ground ready and eager for the fray. After waiting some time, a telegram arrived from Sandhurst stating that they had determined not to play. Was this strategy or funk?

A trip to the fens at Ely at the best of times is not the most cheerful journey in the world; but on Saturday last, when the trial eights of Cambridge were rowed, the surroundings were of a more dismal hue than usual. Owing to the depth of snow on the tow-path, locomotion on foot was next to impossible; but those few who were present and were unable to accompany the race were not great losers, as, throughout, it proved a most hollow affair, Shafto's crew (the favourites) drawing away steadily after the first quarter of a mile and winning easily by quite four lengths. Both crews rowed a long, steady stroke, never exceeding thirty-two a minute. From the quality of the raw material to work on the president of the C.U.B.C. ought to be able to send up a fair representative crew to Putney. At a meeting of the University Boat Club, held on Saturday evening, it was unanimously resolved to send the usual challenge to Oxford for the annual race on the Thames. The Michaelmas fours of the Dublin University Boat Club took place on the Liffey, over the metropolitan course, on Saturday, under very favourable circumstances. Four crews entered, and in the final heat W. Barrington's crew beat Ambrose's crew by about one third of a length. The following are the names of the winning four:—T. Barton (bow); 2, A. Pentland; 3, H. J. Poole; W. M. Barrington (stroke).

EXON.

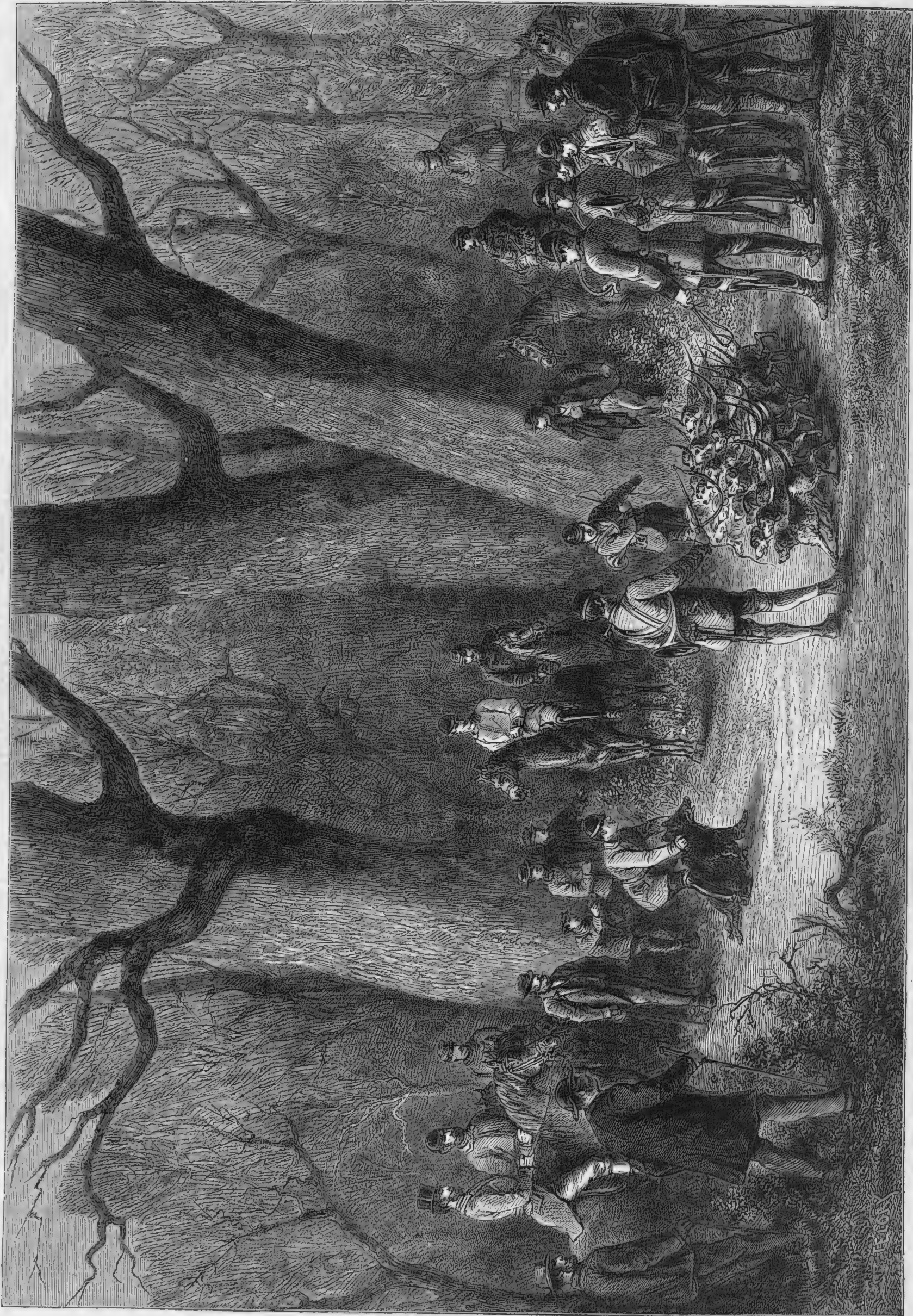
## BLOODING THE ENTRY.

Our Artist has chosen the occasion of "bleeding the entry" to make a spirited sketch of a very important sporting event in the Forest of Compiègne. The pack of hounds and attendant huntsmen in the illustration are those maintained by the Government of France for the time being. "At the commencement of every hunting-season the young hounds are 'blooded.' Any hound will hunt the boar; but it is necessary to 'blood' and encourage them by actually making them seize and taste their quarry before young dogs get over their nervousness and dread of the fierce tusks of the boar. For this purpose the young dogs are laid on the scent of an old boar, which is finally shot by a chasseur, who, dismounting, seizes the dead boar by the ears, and, 'bizzing' or teasing the hounds by shaking its head at them, renders them furious. The pack, however, thoroughly disciplined, are restrained by two huntsmen, who stand in front of them with whips. Finally, the 'mort' having been sounded by the horns of the chasseurs, the pack are cheered on the boar, and speedily rend him to pieces, thus terminating the operation of 'bleeding the entry.'"

HORSES FOR ITALY.—Count Castellings and Signor Bosi have purchased nineteen fine stallions and brood mares in Lincolnshire for King Victor Emmanuel. Among them is the celebrated stallion Carlton, bred by Lord Hawke, by Stockwell out of Midsummer, by Melbourne. He is a dark chestnut, 16 hands high, and is a horse of great muscular power. He was purchased from Mr. R. T. Davy. Among the thoroughbred mares purchased may be mentioned Laverna and Vivette, bought of Captain Skipworth; Margaret and Satisfaction, bought of Mr. G. Walker; and Lady Burleigh and Millie, bought of Mr. W. R. Brockton. Other purchases were made from Mr. G. H. Bromley, Mr. W. T. Sharpe, Mr. F. C. Marshall, Mr. J. Thornton, and Mr. J. Welby. A very heavy price is stated to have been given for Carlton.

SALMON-HATCHING IN CONNECTICUT.—The Westport Advertiser states that the 500,000 California salmon eggs received at the trout ponds in that town are entirely hatched out, and are looking finely.





BOAR-HUNTING AT COMPIÈGNE.—"BLOODING THE ENTRY."



## A SPORTING TRIP TO INDIA.

BY "OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER."

## PART II.

The first difficulty that has to be vanquished is the "outfit." Immemorial tradition assures us, and immemorial custom demands, that every person going out to India takes with him an elaborate outfit, sufficient in its magnitude to clothe all hands on board a troop-ship. The task of collecting this outfit is a stupendous one. The most gauzy vests, the most silky shirts, the most aerial costumes have ever been held indispensable. The traveller's life, as it were, is supposed to depend upon the weight of a shirt, or the thickness of the texture that drapes his nether person. And of all the people in the world the outfitter is the very last to suggest that one can have too much even of a good thing. Now I don't want to snatch the bread and butter out of the outfitter's mouth, but at the same time I cannot conscientiously put it in. Let me earnestly implore everyone who may be tempted to try a visit to India not to believe *everything* his worthy tradesman tells him. An elaborate evening costume of white silk trimmed with gold is not an absolute necessity. You could do the whole trip without one, and come back alive. I would suggest that two portmanteaux should carry the traveller's entire wardrobe. A respectable suit of clothes for Bombay, a light one for the voyage, a good strong one (of a

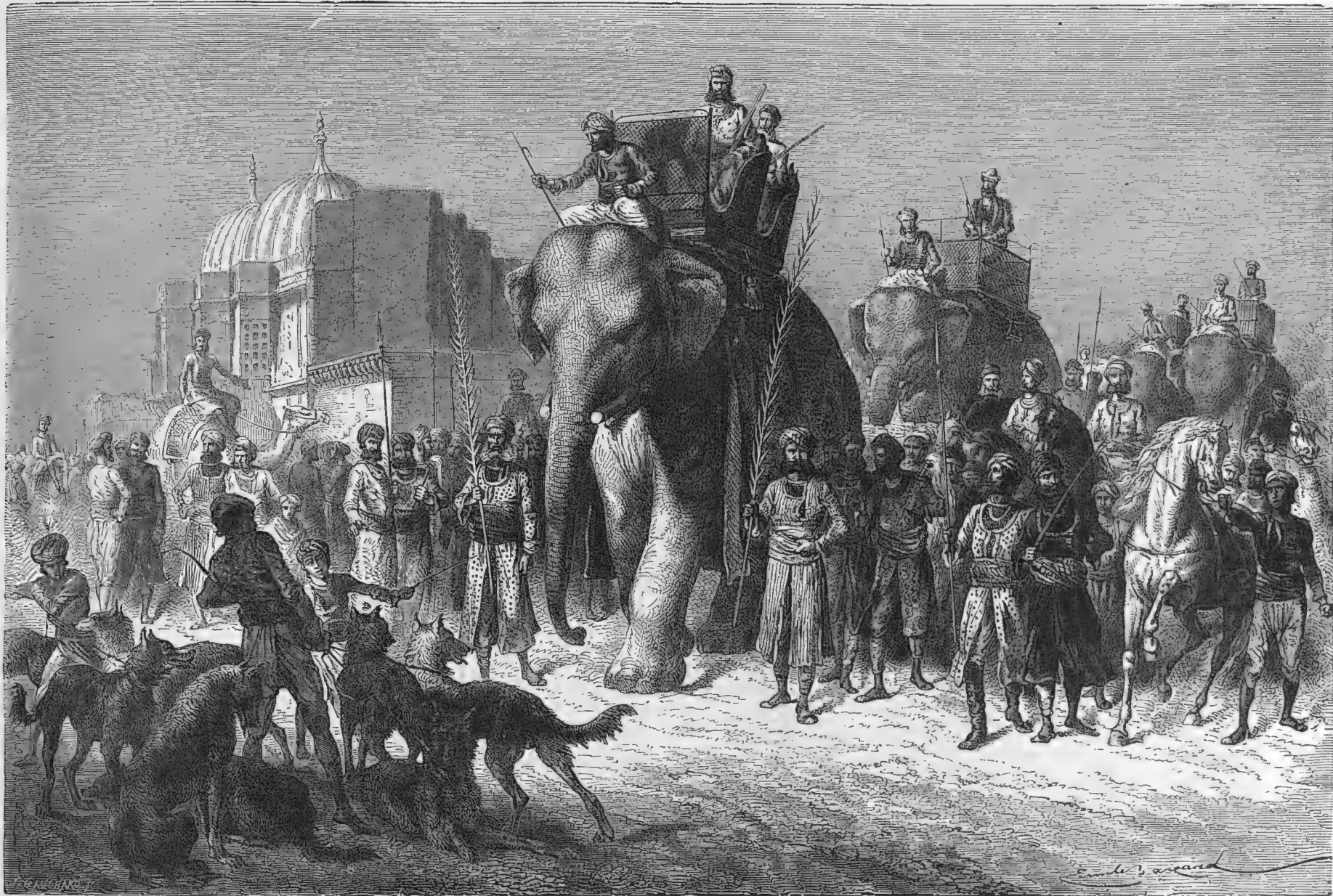
snuff-colour is preferable) for shooting, and a substantial great coat for the Channel should satisfy both the tailor and his customer. Let there be no stint in shirts, socks, and pocket-handkerchiefs. Four sleeping-suits (for the seraphim-and-cherubim-like *garb de nuit* of the English gentleman is not adapted for an Indian climate) must not be forgotten. A pair of waterproof knee boots (for snipe-shooting), good strong lace boots, gaiters, canvas shoes for the voyage, and slippers, will amply suffice for that most important part of a sportsman's person—his poor feet. For the rest, let each man suit his own tastes, but don't let those tastes carry him into his third portmanteau. A word about "stick-up" collars. In a hot climate they rasp the neck most cruelly; if one can swallow one's pride, patronise paper ones. It is wise also to take sheets, towels, and rugs, in lieu of blankets, for they cost considerably more in India than they do at home. A comfortable folding arm-chair will save the ampler parts of your trousers on board a ship, and enchant you in camp when you come in tired after a long day's sport. Finally, procure a good sun topee (or hat), or, what is better, a helmet.

It is advisable to take a few medicines in a little chest; but there is no cause for timidity. Prudence alone dictates that it should be done. A very few will suffice. Quinine (for fever), strongest ammonia (for snake bites), chlorodyne (for cholera), a few pills, a bottle or two of citrate of magnesia, sticking plaster, and—perish the soul that smiles!—some of Holloway's

ointment, which really is a capital unguent, and for girth-galls or sore backs in horses an admirable cure. A little julep will cause you to be regarded by the natives as a sort of a divine *Æsculapius*, and they'll clamour around you for it when they're sick as though it were the genuine *elixir vite*.

Having thus disposed of the wardrobe, let me turn to more important items—namely, the firearms and saddlery.

Have you, gentle reader, ever suffered from toothache—some brute of a grinder right away inside, as hollow as a drum and as painful as a window? (There is a very elaborate joke here, and, if a good strong spade is handy, it can be dug out!) To proceed. Given, the toothache, with all its agonies and its tortures: have you ever gone to a dentist to have the recreant grinder extracted, greeted him with a hysterical laugh, tried to look nonchalant, mentioned something about it's being a fine day, and you happened to be out for a stroll, and, passing his establishment, it suddenly occurred to you that you might as well drop in and have a troublesome tooth drawn (as though the awful trial had not been hunting you for the last month past), and have you not then sat down, breathed a prayer and (after an interval of half a minute) a benediction? Just so. And wasn't it a relief—a relief no words can paint! Wasn't the sensation after all was over something like the sensation experienced after a Turkish bath—ecstatic? I'll lay my life it was. Please bear all this parenthetical simile in mind. It



SPORT IN INDIA.—A START FOR THE HUNT, GOVINDGHUR.

is as elaborate as the joke. Rather too elaborate, I am afraid, for I can't quite see my way through it. But I'll struggle on, and hope it will come all right!

What I most earnestly wish to impress upon my reader, if he contemplates going on a shooting trip to India, is to buy a first-rate rifle, gun, and saddle. Go to the best makers, and don't blink at a ten-pound note. (Here comes the simile, so look out!) It is like having the tooth drawn; but when the thing is over, what a relief it is—a twofold relief. Firstly, you have reliable weapons and a comfortable saddle. Every sportsman can appreciate the pleasure, not to say the luxury, of the former; and even a sailor could comprehend the desirability of the latter. Secondly, and this is very important, good weapons and saddles, by good makers, will always fetch their price when re-sold in India; inferior ones will not. Here is an instance to point to. I was leaving India sometime ago, and had two saddles, one of Peat's, the other by an inferior manufacturer, whose name it would be unfair to give. The latter was nearly new, and the former had been in steady use for almost two years. They were put up to auction one after another, and the old saddle fetched seventy rupees, while no higher bid than thirty could be extracted for the new one. "What's in a name?" A good deal. With regard to a saddle, first it should be comfortable and fit well. Strong girths (the plaited Australian ones are the best, though somewhat hard) are indispensable. A pair of holsters will repay the outlay, as they will always be found useful in carrying a bottle of soda-water and a tooth-brush, two very desirable articles after a long and dusty ride. With regard to bits, a Pelham is, I think, the best, as being equally well adapted for the delicate mouth of an Arab or the more obdurate one of a "tuto." A halter and other stable requisites can be easily obtained in Bombay.

And now we come to the armoury. With regard to a rifle for sporting purposes there can be no two words on the subject. The express is par excellence the weapon of the day.

The express bullet remains in the animal, doesn't go right through it. A single express on the Martini-Henry system is a very light and handy weapon, and cheap withal. But it is an exasperating thing to lose a good shot because you have no second barrel loaded; and if any grit or coarse dust gets into the Martini-Henry machinery, it is a source of endless trouble and annoyance, and will possibly altogether spoil the trip where the rifle is concerned. For my own part, I am taking a double-barrel express—one of Reilly's, the well-known gunmaker, of Oxford-street, whose name is almost a household word in India. It is a light and handy weapon, with the ordinary action; it can be taken to pieces and put into a case (which the Martini-Henry cannot), and there is no chance of anything going wrong with the action. The prices of these double-barrel express rifles range from twenty to forty-five guineas, and I think I may say, without wavering an inch from the path of strict veracity, that such a gun (provided, of course, that it be stamped with the name of a first-rate maker) will fetch the sum of money given for it when it is resold after its services are no longer required. Gentle reader, forgive me for repeating myself. It is a sign of weakness, they say; but let this be the exception that proves the rule. Get your weapons from the best makers (shut your eyes and have the tooth out with a rush), and you'll enjoy your sport all the more, and will not find yourself a loser if you care to dispose of your purchase; though, with regard to the latter, I must add that, in my humble opinion, parting with an old gun is as sorrowful a task as parting with an old dog.

With regard to a fowling-piece, a double-barrel twelve-bore is the best. I would advise rebounding hammers, as, when the snipe, quail, or duck are as numerous as the sand on the seashore, it is heartrending work having to recock your gun before loading. No. 9 shot are the best for quail and snipe, No. 5 for ordinary purposes, and No. 3 for wild duck and large fowl. But of this more anon. *Experientia docet*, and I shall be in a position to speak more positively in time. With regard

to cartridges the blue ones are quite good enough, and will reload two or even three times. The green ones I hold to be a somewhat superfluous luxury, and the brown ones a superfluous anxiety. If possible, take a stock of loaded cartridges with you (only you must make arrangements with the ship-owners), as they save you a great deal of trouble and delay when you are impatient to be afield. A few of Moore and Gray's long-range cartridges will always come in useful for either large game or wildfowl.

A revolver is a very nice plaything, and passes away the time on board if you care to "pot" porpoises, though it is a cruel and senseless pastime. Beyond this there is not much practical use to be derived from them other than shooting pariah dogs at night time, when they are sniffing round the camp after the venison. A gun answers the purpose every bit as well.

A good hunting-knife must not be forgotten. It is necessary to cut the throat of your game first, and skin him afterwards. Let there be a corkscrew in the handle; it will, perhaps, save you an ebullition of temper—which is a roundabout way of saying "swearing."

Tents, beds, tables, chairs, and cooking materials can be hired very cheaply at Ahmedabad, and, indeed, at most of the larger Indian stations. A few enamelled iron plates and dishes, with a little crockery and cutlery and a box of grocer's stores, will save considerable trouble and expense on arrival in India, at the cost of a very little in England. A filter is a most necessary thing—the smaller the better, so long as it does its work well. A pocket-filter is the handiest. Finally, don't forget a corkscrew (I let my pen run away with me, and take it for granted that you are going). Half a dozen will not be too many. I speak in a somewhat jaundiced way, but my experience is bitter—oh! very bitter!

I am afraid this preliminary letter is like an abernethy biscuit—rather dry, but, I trust, wholesome. A preliminary letter is nothing more nor less than a preface; and a preface, like a



puddle, is generally skipped over. At the same time, I am glad to have the opportunity of casting my cares from me, so to speak, by tying all my dry details together at a heap, and depositing them at the starting-post.

(To be continued.)

## PREPARING TO START FOR THE HUNT.

### REWAH, INDIA.

IN pursuance of our plan of giving Illustrations of phases of Indian sport, which, in view of the Prince of Wales's visit to the East, will, we are sure, be considered appropriate at the present time, we pass on to Rewah, in Central India, the Maharajah of which State is a keen lover of the chase, and organises his hunting parties on a most princely scale. Our Engraving represents the start for the tiger-hunt, which we shall briefly describe for the benefit of those who have never taken part in such an expedition. The scene is laid at the village, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, the town of Govindghur, about eleven miles from Rewah, which is the capital of the state, and here the Maharajah has a summer palace, built and furnished on a scale of princely magnificence. Govindghur is by no means a desirable spot for a residence; but on the principle of the old adage, that "in the kingdom of the blind the one eyed is king," Govindghur may possibly be considered by old Indians anything but a bad sort of place to live in, "plenty of shikar," which is the Englishman's greatest desideratum, and (for once we are at a loss to invest even an Eastern town with a spurious magnificence) *præterea nihil*.

Govindghur is situated at the foot of the slopes of the Kairmoors, and thence the Shikarees bring word that a tiger has been marked down in one of the ravines; the Maharajah invites all the European residents, and, with a brilliant native retinue, starts forth to slay the monarch of the jungle. Shortly before three in the afternoon the cavalcade starts, the Maharajah himself, in his palanquin, with eight bearers, leading the van, attended by his chowrie-wallahs, with their chowries of yaks' tails to keep off the flies and mosquitoes; his pipe-bearers, masalchis, and running-footmen. Behind, in solemn procession, the elephants, with gorgeously caparisoned howdahs, and, surrounding the whole, a crowd of soldiers, spearmen, syces leading horses, and various attendants, whose duties would be almost too multifarious to mention. The procession is picturesque in the extreme as we emerge from the belt of jungle which circles the foot of the Kairmoors and wind up the gentle ascent towards the plateau, where is situated the "houdi," from the secure shelter of which we hope to secure our game. The Kairmoors appear almost wholly of volcanic origin, being formed of a smooth rock resembling lava, intersected by huge boulders of rock, among which the elephants stumble, and threaten momentarily to bring us to grief. Scarcely a sign of vegetation meets the eye; here and there an acacia crops up at the spot where there happens to be a deposit of earth, and occasionally a stunted shrub breaks the monotony of the view till we reach the summit of the range, when a glorious panorama is spread before us. Far beyond rise the tall conical peaks of the distant hills, below at our feet the broad green belt of jungle, outside which, stretching far into the blue distance and melting into the haze of the horizon, are the plains whereon Govindghur and Rewah are but faintly discernible in the fading light of evening. Descending to the left we come suddenly upon a "jheel," or lake, the only one in the whole range of the Kairmoors, and at once take up our positions in the "houdi," a battlemented building surmounted by a terrace, and loop-holed in all directions so as to obtain a clear view of the approach of the game. Here all the beasts of the forest come to drink, and here, sooner or later, the tiger, whose stealthy footsteps have been so carefully watched, will assuredly come, if not alone to slake his thirst, at least to secure his morning's breakfast. Night wanes, the stars shine out, and the moon breaks forth in all her effulgence. Boars, stags, jackals, and such small deer come and drink. Now and then a stately "sambur" raises his graceful head and looks proudly round as it were in defiance of all comers, but our guns are mute. We are waiting for the monarch of the jungle, and before long he comes creeping down catlike to the margin of the lake, looking to right and to left of him in suspicion of the ambush which, alas! has been but too securely laid for him. A simultaneous fire from every gun in the "houdi," and he rolls over in his last death agony; the attendants are summoned, the coup de grâce given, and the sport is over for the night. There seems to be something cowardly in shooting even a tiger from behind brick walls. The very essence of sport is the personal risk involved in it, and, as sportsmen, tiger-shooting as we have here described it finds no responsive thrill in our hearts. Hereafter we may have to show how we manage these matters in Bengal, where all the outward paraphernalia of sport are dispensed with for the sake of the real enjoyment of slaying the king of beasts, no matter at what peril to ourselves. Meanwhile we have but to describe the mode in which certain Indian potentates pursue their ideas of "la chasse," and possibly some may say that that of the Maharajah of Rewah is, divested of its "pomp and circumstance," not the noblest form of sport, as we understand it. With the morning light, we mount our "Muknas" (elephants without tusks specially employed on such occasions), and, after a severe jolting, find ourselves once more back at Govindghur to "chota haziri," or early breakfast. The game is brought home in triumph, and the "Jheel on the Kairmoors" is once more left to its normal isolation and repose.

ACROSS THE OCEAN IN A BOAT.—Two men, Eben McAuley and Oluf Henriksen, of Gloucester, Mass., propose in June next making the attempt to cross the Atlantic in an open dory, such as is used by the Bank's smacks in their fishing expeditions.

TREATMENT OF HORSES DURING FROST.—"A Lover of Horses" writes from the Oriental Club:—"Anybody at all observant in these matters, who may have been in London during the last few days, must have noticed the extreme difficulties under which (owing to the severity of the weather) locomotion has been in any way kept up. What would be easier or more simple than at the beginning of each winter for every horse to be shod with shoes perforated in two or three places with countersunk screw-holes, into which (when the necessity arose) small spikes could be easily screwed in by any hand in a few moments? In large (as also in small) establishments the spikes, all of which would be of one gauge, might be kept ready for use in any quantity, and might be fixed in quickly on the appearance of frosty weather, and as quickly removed when the frost ended. The utility of the shoe in ordinary weather would in no way be impaired by this addition. I am aware that the idea I am now suggesting is by no means new. I recollect some few years ago reading of an invention of this nature proposed by a veterinary surgeon in a cavalry regiment, which, although apparently so simple and obvious, does not seem either to have been adopted or to have met with public approval."

## Shooting Notes.

### THE DUCK-GUN.

As a fair rule for the proportions of the duck gun for ordinary circumstances, its dimensions should permit of its easy loading; its length of barrel should be no greater than will secure a good range and regular distribution of the shot; its weight should be no more than sufficient to oppose a proper resistance to the recoil, and the length of barrel calculated on the scale of forty-eight times the diameter of the bore—the stock should be short, as in most cases the sportsman is enveloped in thick warm clothing; the forehand of the stock should be of a length to secure the barrel to it by at least two bolts and loops; the ramrod should be stout and strong, of ash, oak, or any foreign wood, such as beef wood of compact fibre. An interior longitudinal polish of the barrel is unexceptional in a gun of this kind, and a conical bore presenting a diameter of 1-16th of an inch more at the breech than the muzzle (a diminution of metal at that part, which in a barrel of the required weight and strength of iron, cannot prejudicially affect the latter quality), is in this instance an exceptional preference. The furniture should be of horn, which in winter is less cold to the hand than metal.

SWAN DROP.

### HOW TO USE A RIFLE.

To the acquirement of skill in shooting with the rifle the same may be said as of the art of equitation and every other. Some individuals are by nature better adapted thereto than others; but the possession of certain inherent physical faculties to its acquirement, together with a certain natural tact or judgment, are pre-eminently necessary to make a good rifleman.

As a ready and correct appreciation of distances is indispensable to success with this arm, a good faculty of sight must go hand-in-hand with judgment, and both must be practised unremittingly. In the exercise of these must be acquired—a ready aptitude to regulate the back-sight by the front-sight; a good method of bringing the rifle to the shoulder; a well-tempered regular pressure of the finger upon the trigger, so as not to disturb the steadiness of the arm from the line of aim; and a well-timed suspension of the breath just previous to and during the whole act of firing.

The pursuits and town-life habits of the majority in the present day are not favourable to the exercise of a good sight, even though possessed; but if this exist, the judgment or tact to use it with advantage may be developed by practice. An ordinary or indifferently good sight may be strengthened by exercise and training; and this must be done by him who would become an expert shot with the modern rifle. The acquirement of this faculty to its successful use can be obtained generally where the disposition exists; and the study of this art can be made to impart an additional interest to every walk into the country, by estimating mentally the distance of different objects as they present themselves, and ascertaining the correctness of that estimate by regular admeasurement, or by the ordinary walking pace computed at 2ft 2in.

The exercise of the eye and judgment in this practice, carried out under different states of atmosphere, time of day, over level ground or intersected by water, up hill and down, will soon impart a facility to appreciate distances correctly; and, carried afterwards into practice with the rifle in the hand, as far as the individual is concerned, "will develop, sooner or later, the necessary ability to become a good shot with the rifle."

TEN YEARS A VOLUNTEER.

### SCHULTZE'S WOOD POWDER.

We append, for the benefit of our shooting friends, a

TABLE SHOWING EQUIVALENT WEIGHTS AND MEASURES OF SCHULTZE AND BLACK GUNPOWDER.

Schultze.		Black.	
By Weight or	By Measure.	By Weight or	By Measure.
42 grains or	4½ drachms	84 grains or	3 drachms
45½ "	4¾ "	91 "	3½ "
49 "	5½ "	98 "	3¾ "
52½ "	5¾ "	105 "	4 "
56 "	6½ "	112 "	4½ "
59½ "	6¾ "	119 "	4¾ "
63 "	7½ "	126 "	5 "
66½ "	7¾ "	133 "	5½ "
70 "	8½ "	140 "	6 "

A general rule to obtain the equivalent for a given quantity of black: Take half the weight, or one and a half times the measure, of the black. N.B.—The measure for Schultze powder means shaken down measure—i.e., give the measure two or more taps before levelling the top.

It not unfrequently happens that country gunmakers and sportsmen, unaccustomed to its use, put too little of Schultze's powder in their cartridges, and then apply to us for information as to the reason of the explosive not "throwing up" the charge to the object! We hope the foregoing scale, the accuracy of which we can guarantee, will save everybody much trouble for the future.

### A CRACK SNIPE SHOT.

Jersey, America, parades a grand shot in John E. Loveland, jun., who killed thirty-nine snipe (*Scelopax Wilsonii*) in forty-two shots. The birds were killed in the preserves of Mortimore, Port Richmond, S.I.

### SLAUGHTER OF RED DEER.

The following paragraph, under the heading of "Deer-Stalking," is going the rounds of the papers:—"Mr. Allan Mackenzie, jun., of Kintail, who is at present staying at Glenmuick House, Braemar, went out deer-stalking on Monday, and met with very remarkable success. The party, consisting of three guns, resolved to beat the hills in the Loch Muick district; but, owing to the excessive snowstorm, the distance between Glenmuick House and Loch Muick had to be undertaken in a sleigh. The result, however, fully repaid the trouble, for in a short time they killed the almost unprecedented number of twenty-five deer." This is just how the red deer were exterminated in Ireland. When the snow drove them down off the mountains, the peasants slaughtered them. Mr. Allan Mackenzie seems bent on the same purpose.

### TWO GREAT PIGEON-MATCHES.

THE BENNETT-VAN BUREN PIGEON-MATCH.—Arrangements have been completed for the pigeon-match between Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of New York city, and Mr. Travis Van Buren. They are to shoot at 100 pigeons each, 30 yards' rise, 80 yards' boundary, with 1½oz shot, from five traps placed five yards apart, English rules, for 2500 dols a side. The match is to take place in New York State, probably at Babylon, L.I., during the second week in December. Both gentlemen are expert wing-shots, and great interest is manifested in the contest.

A BIG SHOOT.—A match for big money, 3000 dols a side, between General De Forest, of New York city, and General Grubb, of Philadelphia, at 100 birds each, English rules, will be shot on Pimlico track, Baltimore, on the 30th inst. This match will be quite exciting, and interest pigeon-poppers greatly. Considerable speculation is already entered into over the event. The birds will be furnished by Ira A. Paine, and this ensures clippers.

### CAPTAIN BOGARDUS ON WOODCOCK-SHOOTING.

Commonly it is flip-flap of the wing, and the woodcock has gone away, often not seen by the sportsman at all. In some places it is practicable to send the dog in to beat the thicket while you remain on the edge to shoot as the cock fly. Where the brush is short this may be done, and, if there are many birds, the sport will be good. Three years ago I had some nice shooting by following this method on Rock River, Illinois. When the cover is large and the timber and saplings are 20ft high the above-mentioned plan will not work. You must go in then with the dogs and take your chance of snap-shots. Later in the year the woodcock is sometimes found in more open pieces of timber—that is, in places where the underbrush is not so very thick. But it is still a pretty hard bird to shoot, for now it flies like a bullet, and zig-zags and twists about among the close-standing stems, going for an opening through which to make a straight flight. The woodcock flushed in cover always goes for an opening; the ruffed grouse never does, but sets sail for the closest and densest part. Now, when the woodcock is going swiftly and twisting among the stems of the saplings, he is very easy to miss, and sportsmen who make good bags of cock in the prime of the fall season have a right to be proud of their exploits. This sort of shooting is much more pleasant than that to be followed in the tangled "cripples" of New Jersey, all overgrown with cat-briars and thick brush, with no good footing where you are, and no possibility of knowing where you will be next. In Albany County, New York, we used to use cocking-spaniels when woodcock-shooting. I have had none of that breed in the West, and now employ setters. They are bolder and better in forcing their way in rough places than pointers. The thin skins of the latter get all cut and torn, and their feet give out. But the best dogs I have ever had for general sport, take one sort of shooting with another, have been cross-bred between the setter and the pointer. For work these beat any pure-bred dog I ever owned, and, I may add, ever saw.

### WILDFOWL CATCHING IN RUSSIA.

Yet not the perils of the aerial voyage,  
Nor varied death, that hovers on the shore,  
From guns, and nets, and hairy springs, serve  
The fruitful race t' extirpate—

Russia abounds in wildfowl, and, having seen "a note" about "How they catch woodcocks in France" in a recent number, I thought perhaps a few details of how they do things in the country of the Czar might be acceptable? A very common proceeding is to place a net on the bank of a river near the nightly haunts of wild geese, in such a position that, on the fowler suddenly jerking a line communicating at a distance of several yards from the net, it falls, and ensnares any birds which may be within its compass. On the net being spread, the singular proceedings in connection with it are put in force. One of the fowlers, generally a man of diminutive stature, covers himself with the skin of a white reindeer, and in that disguise, about twilight, crawls along the ground towards the geese, not near enough to allow of detection, nor so as to alarm them. The distance he advances must be regulated according to the humour of the birds. If they are unsuspecting and indifferent to his movements, he approaches within a few yards of their whereabouts; but if they show symptoms of distrust he is very wary in his advances. Having approached the geese in this disguise as near as possible, he suddenly turns round and proceeds in a contrary direction, crawling away from the birds. His companions now show themselves on the opposite side of the geese, and, making a noise, the geese, wishing to avoid the danger, waddle after their supposed leader (the hunter in white), and are led directly to the net. This is apparently a very old Russian "dodge" to capture geese, as in the "History of Kamtschatka," translated from the Russian of Krashenickoff, by James Grievé, M.D., I find it also mentioned.

A. BLUE (Carlton Club).

### SYDNEY SMITH ON THE GAME LAWS.

With regard to the game laws, and the general wish to have them amended which prevails amongst the thinking public at the present day, allow me to lay before your influential readers what Sydney Smith said about the tendency of these laws to demoralise the labourer. On this head that great and astute man says:—

"But though a system of game laws is of great use in promoting country amusements, and may, in itself, be placed on a footing of justice, its effects, we are sorry to say, are by no means favourable to the morals of the poor."

"It is impossible to make an uneducated man understand in what manner a bird, hatched nobody knows where—to-day living in my field, to-morrow in yours—should be as strictly property as the goose, whose whole history can be traced, in the most authentic and satisfactory manner, from the egg to the spit. The arguments upon which this depends are so contrary to the notions of the poor, so repugnant to their passions, and, perhaps, so much above their comprehension, that they are totally unavailing. The same man who would respect an orchard, a garden, or a hen-roost, scarcely thinks he is committing any fault at all in invading the game covers of his richer neighbour; and, as soon as he becomes wearied of honest industry, his first resource is in plundering the rich magazine of hares, pheasants, and partridges—the top and bottom dishes—which on every side of his village are running and flying before his eyes. As these things cannot be done with safety in the day, they must be done in the night; and in this manner a lawless marauder is often formed, who proceeds from one infringement of law and property to another, till he becomes a thoroughly bad and corrupted member of society."

A MEMBER OF THE ANTI-GAME-LAW LEAGUE.

[When Sydney Smith wrote, the laws ament poaching were arbitrary and very stringent. Everybody nowadays (Anti-Game-Law Leaguers included) likes to buy game as an article of diet and at the lowest price possible. How could this be done unless game was preserved?—Ed. I.S.D.N.]

A WONDERFULLY TAME BRACE OF GROUSE.—Sling, of Dover, Ohio, has found a parlour vocation for his sporting taste. Returning home after the delivery of a load of grain, he found his dog, Miss Bell, stiff and stanch on a point in the middle of his parlour floor, with two grouse in the room corner, one of which his sporting ardour lost—the weather being so extremely hot, hence the flight of the lost bird out of the window. What grief to a parlour sport who lives in want of knowledge by loss of his *Turf, Field, and Farm*.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH and suite were out shooting, on Monday, in Gunton Woods, Aylesham; and, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, bagged over 250 head of game.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gadup, 493, Oxford-street, London. Retailled everywhere.—[Aivrt.]



## THE GERMAN THEATRE.

The theatre is a national institution of which Germans may be justly proud. With them it is really an instrument of culture, placed within the reach of the masses. Its organisation is very complete, but characteristically intricate. The minute parcelling out of the auditorium, and the correspondingly elaborate tariff of prices, are bewildering to a foreigner. But, with a paternal regard for the convenience and the pocket of the intending playgoer, the hieroglyphic in which seats and prices are set forth is exhibited in various public places, and, with a little patient study, may be deciphered. Even the demeanour of a theatrical audience is not beyond the reach of regulation. Late arrivals are cautioned not to proceed to their places until the first pause in the performance—an excellent rule, which one would gladly see extended in England to a prohibition of those early departures which convert the concluding part of every concert or oratorio into a rabble. At Hanover the public is warned by a printed notification not to recall the principal performers to the stage between the acts, except in that decidedly unclassical form of entertainment a "Posse mit Gesang." It is curious that, with all the minute regard which the official mind in Germany displays for the fallibility of the individual and his urgent need of leading strings, it has left him until lately to cope unaided with an embarrassment which to a foreigner is the most serious of any. We refer to the coinage, or rather the coinages. As an exercise in mental arithmetic, a visit to Germany has not been without its use; but the unready reckoner has had a bad time of it. Not only has he had to guess at the probable value of coins so worn and defaced as to defy identification, to try to fathom the mystery of "good" groschen whose goodness was anything but obvious, and "new" groschen whose newness was wasted with age, but as he moved along to translate at a moment's notice these vague components of the thaler into florins and kreutzers, and vice versa. At Hamburg the perplexities of travellers in dealing with the circulating medium may be said to have culminated, or rather to have fairly passed into the domain of comedy. Anyone who has watched the abortive attempts of an English tourist to calculate the value of a handful of change in three separate coinages tendered to him in that bright and busy city, and the equally abortive attempts of a German waiter to expound the enigma, has witnessed a scene as amusing as any of the whimsical complications which Mr. Toole or Mr. Buckstone makes so diverting.

Of humour, as a mental habit which notes not without sympathy the contrasts and incongruities with which human life teems, and acts as a curb upon emotional effusiveness, Germans are singularly devoid. Simplicity and earnestness are excellent qualities, but they seldom coexist with a strong sense of the ridiculous. Neither the literature nor the journalism of Germany is penetrated by any large vein of humour. Goethe himself would have been a considerably less voluminous author if an acute perception of the ludicrous had restrained his pen. Touches of humour are, perhaps, rarer in Schiller than in any other poet of equal magnitude. And in this defect of temperament these two great writers are typical of their countrymen of to-day. German novels are decidedly heavy reading, and the wholesale importation of Thackeray and Dickens betrays a consciousness that the demand for humorous writing is greater than the native supply. To an English reader *Kladderadatsch* suggests a pedagogue masquerading in cap and bells. Its sallies affect in the same sort of way that Sydney Smith was affected by Scotch "wut." It does not require, however, a surgical operation to possess a German of a joke. With him the springs of laughter lie extremely near the surface. Only the joke must be of a certain type, either of the didactic and academic kind, or the broadest of broad farce. The sort of incident on the stage which convulses a German audience with merriment is an abrupt exit by which some one entering with impedimenta in the shape of crockery or wine-glasses is upset. As an instance of this physical humour we may cite a piece entitled *Die Lustigen Vagabonden*, which has held the stage for two consecutive years with marked acceptance. In it is portrayed the career of two jolly adventurers who get into prison and out of prison with amazing dexterity, attend an evening party in various disguises, and electrify the company with their antics. A little of this goes a long way with those who have outlived their taste for pantomime. One is tempted to envy the childlike glee which it excites, and the verdict of "sehr komisch" which mature playgoers pronounce upon it.—*Saturday Review*.

**J. B. CRAMER and CO.'S Music and**  
Musical Instrument Warehouse.—Music sent at half price and post-free. Music Circulating Library, two to five guineas per annum. Musical Boxes, Guitars, Zithers, Concertinas, Metronomes, Digitoniums, &c.  
201, Regent-street, W.

**PIANOFORTES and HARMONIUMS**  
ON EASY TERMS OF PURCHASE.—Pianos from 2½ gns. per quarter; Harmoniums from 12s. per Month. A handsome Seven-Octave Piccolo Piano, in Burr Walnut, 25 gns. cash. Warranted.—W. SPRAGUE, 7, Finsbury-pavement. Established 1837.

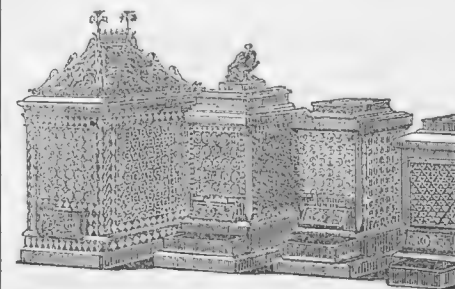
**PIANOFORTES.**  
MOORE and MOORE.  
Three-Years' System.  
Terms from 2½ gns. per quarter.  
HARMONIUMS.—Terms from 1½ guinea per quarter.  
Illustrated Price-Lists post-free.  
Pianofortes from 16 gns.  
Ware-rooms—104 and 106, Bishopsgate-st., Within, E.C.

Now publishing,  
**THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK** for 1876,  
Price One Shilling, free by post, 1s. 2d., containing  
**SIX COLOURED PICTURES,**  
Printed by Leighton Brothers' Chromatic Process;  
**TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS OF OLD MODES OF LOCOMOTION,**  
as Headings to the Calendar;  
**TWELVE FINE-ART ENGRAVINGS;**  
**ASTRONOMICAL DIAGRAM OF REMARKABLE PHENOMENA,**  
with Explanatory Notes;  
The Royal Family of Great Britain; the Queen's Household; her Majesty's Ministers; Lists of Public Offices and Officers; Bankers; Law and University Terms; Fixed and Movable Festivals; Anniversaries; Acts of Parliament passed during the Session of 1875; Revenue and Expenditure; Obituary of Eminent Persons; Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan Calendars; Tables of Stamps, Taxes, and Government Duties; Times of High Water; Post-Office Regulations; together with a large amount of useful and valuable information, which has during the past thirty-one years made the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK* the most acceptable and elegant companion to the library or drawing-room table; whilst it is universally acknowledged to be by far the cheapest Almanack ever published.

The unprecedented demand for the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK* year after year stimulates the Proprietor to still greater exertions to secure for this Almanack a reception as favourable as that which has hitherto placed its circulation second only to that of the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*.  
The *ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK* is inclosed in an elegant cover, printed in Colours by the same process as the Six Coloured Plates, and forms a charming and pleasing ornament to the drawing-room table.  
The *SHILLING ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK* is published at the Office of the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*, 198, Strand, and sold by all Booksellers and Newsagents.

Now ready,  
**THE ILLUSTRATED PENNY ALMANACK** for 1876,  
containing Twelve Engravings, from the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*, of the Marriage Customs of Various Nations; Tables of Stamps, Taxes, and Licences; Eclipses, Remarkable Events, Post-Office Regulations, and a great variety of Useful and Interesting Information. The Trade supplied by G. VICKERS, Angel-court (172), Strand; and H. Williams, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row, London.

**MUSGRAVE & CO. (Limited),**  
IRONFOUNDERS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



**MUSGRAVE'S PATENT SLOW COMBUSTION STOVES AND AIR-WARMERS** are the most economical. They are safe, healthful, durable, and extremely simple. They will burn for 24 hours without attention.

These Stoves are now delivered, free of carriage, to most of the principal towns in the kingdom. Manufacturers also of Musgrave's Patent Stable and Harness-room Fittings. Musgrave's Patent Iron Cow-house fittings and Piggeries.

Priced Engravings free on application to  
**MUSGRAVE & CO. (Limited),**  
ANN-STREET IRONWORKS, BELFAST.

THE MARVELLOUS REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, AND ALL CHEST AFFECTIONS.

**P E C T O R I N E.**

Sold by all Chemists, in Bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each.  
Sent by the Proprietors upon receipt of stamps.

**P E C T O R I N E**  
cures the worst forms of Coughs and Colds, Hoarseuess, gives immediate relief in Bronchitis, is the best medicine for Asthma, cures Whooping-Cough, is invaluable in the early stages of Consumption, relieves all Affections of the Chest, Lungs, and Throat.

Prepared only by SMITH and CLARKE, Manufacturing Chemists, Park-street, Lincoln.

THE most comfortable RESTAURANT in LONDON.—FIELDER'S (next door to the "Illustrated London News" Office), 199, Strand. Table d'Hôte at 5. Dinners à la Carte. Superior Wines.

**INDIGESTION!**  
**INDIGESTION!**  
**MORSON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE.**  
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.  
OLD in Bottles as WINE, at 3s., 5s., and 9s.; LOZENGES, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; GLOBULES, 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.; and POWDER, in 1-oz. bottles at 5s. each.  
BY ALL CHEMISTS AND THE MANUFACTURERS,  
**T. MORSON & SON, Southampton-row, Russell-square. London.**

**J. OSMOND,**  
BREAKSPEAR-ROAD, LONDON, S.E.,  
INVENTOR AND PATENTEE OF THE  
**SELF-BALANCING SAFETY DOG-CART.**  
THIS INVENTION RENDERS ALL KINDS OF TWO-WHEELED VEHICLES  
**PERFECTLY SAFE IF THE HORSE FALLS:**  
**A PERFECT BALANCE**  
IS SECURED WITH ONE, TWO, THREE, OR FOUR RIDING, AND  
**THE SHAFTS ADJUST TO HORSES OF ANY HEIGHT**  
IN LESS THAN ONE MINUTE.  
STAND. No. 13, BAZAAR, SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, ISLINGTON.

**CLARKE'S MINIATURE THEATRES,** ready for acting, with Characters, Scenes, Lamps, and Slides. Ali Baba, 2s. 6d.; Bombastes Furioso, 4s. 6d.; Richard I., 7s.; Smuggler, 9s.; Miller and his Men, 10s. 6d.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street, Covent-garden.

**THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN ROSE.**  
An elegant Buttonhole Flower, diffusing from its petals a stream of perfume at the will of the wearer. Post-free 20 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street, Covent-garden.

**THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN PIN.** A unique Pin for the Scarf diffusing, in a mysterious manner, sprays of Perfume at the will of the wearer. Post-free 14 stamps.  
H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-st., Covent-garden.

**THE WIZARD'S BOX OF MAGIC.**  
Containing full instructions and apparatus for performing 10 capital conjuring tricks, sufficient for one hour's amusement. Post-free 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street.

**THE MAGIC CIGAR-CASE,** shown full of Cigars, closed, and found empty. Post-free for 14 stamps. Magic Fusee-Box, 14 stamps. Magic Snuff-Box, post-free 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street, Covent-garden.

**THE ENCHANTED ROSE.**—At word of command a beautiful Rose appears in the buttonhole of your coat, and will remain there as long as you please. Post-free 13 stamps. Catalogue of Tricks, 1 stamp.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street, Covent-garden.

**THE GREAT EGG TRICK.**—A New-laid Egg produced from an Empty Bag. Post-free, with full instructions, for 14 stamps. The JAPANESE BUTTERFLY TRICK, 14 stamps. The MAGIC DIE, 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street, Covent-garden.

**THE MAGIC SAILOR.**—Roars of laughter at this amusing Figure, which will, when placed on the ground, commence dancing to any tune, astonishing all present. Post-free, with full instructions, for 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street, Covent-garden.

**PATENT INDIA-RUBBER TYRES. NOISELESS WHEELS.**

Silence and Comfort obtained. Wear and tear of the Carriage prevented.  
Full particulars of the Patentees,  
**FRDK. BIRD & CO., 11, Gt. Castle St., REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**

**WARD & CO., NATURALISTS,**



158, PICCADILLY.

**JOHN GOSNELL AND CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH-PASTE,**

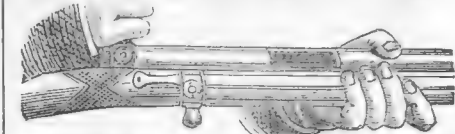
GREATLY SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER TOOTH-POWDER, gives the teeth a pearl-like whiteness, and protects the enamel from decay.

Price 1s. 6d. per Pot.  
Angel-passage, 93, Upper Thames-street, London.

**LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER.**—Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Restores the colour to grey or white hair in a few days. It is the best, safest, and cheapest. Sold by all Chemists.—J. PEPPER, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London, whose name and address are on the label, or it is spurious.

**JOHN RIGBY & CO., GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS,**  
(ESTABLISHED 1770),  
are now manufacturing to order  
**RIGBY'S PATENT SNAP-LEVER DOUBLE GUNS,** with latest improvements in shooting power.  
**RIGBY'S BREECH-LOADING EXPRESS RIFLES,** single and double, of various sizes.  
**RIGBY'S CELEBRATED MATCH RIFLE,** which made highest score in Elcho Shield Match, Wimbledon Cup, Dudley and Lloyd's Cup Competitions, at Wimbledon, 1875.  
Apply for Price-Lists (with Remarks on Breech-loading Guns) to  
**24, SUFFOLK-STREET, DUBLIN;**  
and  
**72, ST. JAMES'S-STREET, LONDON, S.W.**

**BACON'S PATENT CENTRAL-FIRE**



COMPLETELY EJECTS THE EMPTY CARTRIDGE AND RE-COCKS ITSELF.  
The earlier patterns for sale from £5.—Address, FRANCIS BACON, Esq., Cholsey, Wallingford, for all particulars.

**HENRY W. EGG, PATENT SNAP-ACTION GUNS.**  
All the latest improvements.  
Express Rifles, Rook Rifles, Revolvers.  
1, Piccadilly, London.

**NOTICE.—JOHN BLISSETT and SON, GUN, RIFLE, and PISTOL MAKERS,** 98, High Holborn, are now making their guns with all the latest improvements. Long conversant with the requirements of Indian sportsmen, they guarantee a good gun or rifle at moderate cost.

**THE NEW SELF-LOCKING, SELF-COCKING, AND SELF-EXTRACTING BREECH LOADER.**  
For particulars, address J. and H. NEEDHAM, Gunmakers, 53, Piccadilly, London.

**IMPROVED BREECHLOADERS.**  
THE finest assortment in London, all the latest improvements, self-closing, snap-actions with under or top lever, or side lever, rebounding locks, EXTRA CLOSE-SHOOTING PLAIN OR BEST GUNS.

Increased pattern and penetration. Immediate trial at our Shooting-Grounds, Wood-lane, Shepherd's-bush. Excellent SECONDHAND BREECHLOADERS, Central-fire, in fine condition, at reduced prices.

**EXPRESS DOUBLE-BARREL RIFLES and MINIATURE EXPRESS.**

300, 450, and 500 bore, first-rate workmanship, and fine shooting, with metallic cartridges, loading many times with 4 to 5 drs. powder. Large numbers to select from in finished and forward state.

Single Barrels, on the latest and best systems of Martini, Swinburne, Henry, and others. Wonderful accuracy and low trajectory. Prices from 10 guineas.

**E. M. REILLY and CO.,**  
502 AND 315, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON;  
RUE SCRIBE, PARIS.  
Illustrated Price-Lists on application.

**FREDERIC T. BAKER, GUN AND RIFLE MANUFACTURER,**  
INVITES Sportsmen requiring a BREECH-LOADING GUN to inspect these manufactured by him with barrel bored on his new principle, which gives increased pattern and penetration with less recoil than the old principle of boring. See report of "Field" Gun Trial, May 1 and 8, which shows his guns took the lead of the London gunmakers. Barrels fitted to any breechloader on this new principle, at a moderate price. The shooting guaranteed same as shown at "The Field" Gun trial.  
Address, F. T. BAKER, 88, Fleet-street, E.C.  
Winner of the Trial with soft shot from Choke Bore Guns (vide "Field," June 26). Dépôt for the Reveille and Bakets, celebrated Cartridge Closer. Price 12s. 6d., 16s., and 20s.

**STEPHEN GRANT,**  
By Special appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh,  
**BREECH-LOADING GUN & RIFLE MANUFACTURER,**  
67A, ST. JAMES'S-STREET, LONDON.

**CAUTION, WATERMARK—TOBACCO.**  
Messrs. W. D. and H. O. WILLS intimate that, to prevent fraud, every packet of their "best Bird's-Eye" Tobacco now bears the Name and Trade Mark of their Firm both printed on and woven in the paper.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."  
**CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE** is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. In Bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases (containing six times the quantity) 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address, for 30 or 132 stamps, by the Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE, Chemist, Apothecaries' Hall, Lincoln.

**FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.**  
This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, sick headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required nothing can be better adapted.  
PERSONS OF A FULL HABIT, subject to headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely use.  
For FEMALES these Pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, sallowness of the skin and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.



NOTICE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give notice that, in consequence of Christmas Day falling on Saturday, there will NOT BE A SALE at ALBERT-GATE on MONDAY, DEC. 27.

NOTICE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give notice that their SALES on MONDAY will commence at ELEVEN O'CLOCK until further notice, getting to the Boxes at 1.30.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, DEC. 13, the property of a gentleman:—

1. LECTOR, bay gelding, by Lambton out of Carasol; winner of the Liverpool Autumn Cup.
2. TITUS, bay colt, 2 years old, by Vespasian out of Dutchman's Daughter.
3. BAY FILLY, by Lord of the Isles out of Little Star (bred by Lord Exeter), by Phlegon out of Celia, by Touchstone—America, by Sultan.
4. DARK BAY FILLY, by Brigadier out of Little Star (bred by Lord Exeter), by Phlegon out of Celia, by Touchstone—America, by Sultan.
5. BAY COLT, by Elland out of Little Star (bred by Lord Exeter), by Phlegon out of Celia, by Touchstone—America, by Sultan.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs.

TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, DEC. 13, without reserve, the following very superior weight-carrying and well-conditioned HORSES, well known with Baron Rothschild's, Mr. Selby Lowndes, and the late Mr. Leigh's hounds; also three superior HARNESS HORSES, with grand action, the property of H. J. Garcia, Esq., who, through a great domestic affliction, is unable to hunt this season:

1. MIRACLE.
  2. CROCUS.
  3. NUTBOURNE.
  4. PERFECTION.
  5. SILVERTAIL.
  6. ATHLETIC.
  7. DARTMOOR.
  8. INVINCIBLE, } Have been regularly driven to-
  9. PADDY, } gether and in single harness.
  10. MATCHLESS, chestnut T cart-horse.
- Also Saddles, Bridles, Clothing, and Harness. Also, the property of H. Hoskier, Esq.:—DENMARK, grey gelding; a good hunter.

Mr. GARCIA'S STABLES to be LET. Capital stable, situated in Church-street, Linslade, Leighton Buzzard, consisting of eight loose-boxes, private yard, &c., with every convenience for groom to live on the premises. Further particulars can be obtained of the groom in charge of the premises. Immediate possession.

TO be LET by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 10, the GLASGOW STUD STALLIONS for 1876. Fifteen of the most powerful thoroughbred horses in the country to be let for next season. May be seen at the Stud Farm, near Enfield, on application to Mr. Gilbert:—

1. GENERAL PEELE.
2. BROTHER TO STRAFFORD.
3. STRAFFORD.
4. THE DRAKE.
5. BEAUVALE.
6. OUTFIT.
7. RAPID RHONE.
8. BROTHER TO RAPID RHONE.
9. ROAN HORSE, by Brother to Bird-on-the-Wing out of Rapid Rhone's dam.
10. FIRST FLIGHT.
11. YOUNG TOXOPHILITE.
12. CLEVELAND.
13. TOM BOWLINE HORSE.
14. MAKE HASTE.
15. DE LACEY.

May be seen at any time at the Stud Farm, near Enfield.

FOR PRIVATE SALE.

LIFE GUARDSMAN, a Yorkshire coaching horse, dark bay, with black legs, by Captain of the Guards out of a magnificent bay coaching mare of Mr. Essey's; her dam was also a grand bay coaching mare. Captain of the Guards was by Guardsman out of Mr. Fawcett's Paulinus, by Mr. Burton's Old Paulinus; her dam by Gamon, granddam by Lambkin, great granddam by Mr. Agar's Old Horse.

Life Guardsman is a very fine specimen of the Yorkshire coaching horse. From his pure coach-horse breeding, great power, size, substance, height, action, handsome appearance, and colour, which he inherits from a long line of bay horses and mares, he is exactly what is required to beget the large London bay carriage-horses for which there is always such an enormous demand. Can be seen at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, W. For price apply to Mr. TATTERSALL, Albert-gate.

ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane. Christmas Day.—Owing to Christmas Day falling upon Saturday, this ESTABLISHMENT will be CLOSED from WEDNESDAY NIGHT, DEC. 22, until MONDAY, DEC. 27.—By order, WILLIAM and STEWART FREEMAN, Proprietors.

GREYHOUNDS! GREYHOUNDS!

ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane. SATURDAY (This Day), DEC. 11, Messrs. W. and S. FREEMAN (Proprietors of Aldridge's), will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, at 1 o'clock precisely, FIFTY-THREE Valuable GREYHOUND SAPIRLINGS, bred expressly by Mr. R. Clementson for his Third Annual Sale. Full particulars in Catalogues. On View Thursday and until the Sale.

W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

GREYHOUNDS! GREYHOUNDS!

ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane. Mr. W. H. Clark's Eighth Annual Distribution. Messrs. W. and S. FREEMAN (Proprietors of Aldridge's) will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, on SATURDAY, DEC. 18, at 1 o'clock, SEVENTY-ONE GREYHOUND SAPIRLINGS, of the purest blood and pedigree, bred expressly for Annual Sale by Auction. On View Thursday, Dec. 16, and until the Sale.

W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

MR. RYMILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c.

YEARLINGS FOR SALE or EXCHANGE for good BROOD MARES.—Apply to Mr. Van Haansbergen, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Filly, by Stentor—St. Etheldreda (late Sorrell); Filly, by Adventurer—Guadalupe (fourth in Oaks); Filly, by Strathconan—Demira (sister to Stork).

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIER CLUB.—President, Lord MELGUND.

A meeting of the Club will be held at the Rooms of Messrs. Bertram and Roberts, Refreshment Department, Alexandra Palace, on Tuesday next, 14th inst., at 3 p.m., for general business. New members enrolled. Annual subscription half-guinea. No entrance fee. W. STRACHAN, Hon. Secs. H. DALZIEL.

STALLIONS.

1876. Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

JOSKIN, by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz. At 20gs, and one guinea the groom.

Joskin is the sire of Plebeian (winner of the Middle Park Plate), Chawbacon, and many other winners, out of very few mares, and is of a rare strain of blood suiting many mares.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tenedos, The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.), by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, &c. Thoroughbred mares 10gs, 10s the groom).

THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Vintor—Lady Fractious, by Comus. He was a good racehorse, up to great weight; his half-bred stock in Lincolnshire are very fine; the only racehorse got by him is Amazon, a winner at two and three years old; the only yearling sold last year at Doncaster by him made 260gs; he is now in fine condition and very handsome, the type of the Arab; up to 16st. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 5s the groom.

RUPERT (foaled in 1868), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2in high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Phyalis, by Bay Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of Brown Bess (General Peel's dam), by Camel, by Whalebone. Rupert thus combines the fastest with the best staying blood; he is very handsome, a beautiful red roan, with black legs, tail, and mane, fine shoulders, showy action, good bone, and fine temper; he was a good racehorse, started six times at three years old, winning three times, the Rous Stakes and the Drawing-Room Stakes at Goodwood, besides running in the Goodwood Cup the same week; he was fourth in the Derby. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs, half-bred mares at 5gs, unless sold before Jan. 1.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern. All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

1876.

At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate. LORD LYON (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger), foaled 1863, by Stockwell out of Paradigm (dam of Man-at-Arms, Bluemantle, Gardevoir, and Achievement), by Paragon—Ellen Horne, by Redshanks—Delhi, by Plenipo, the sire of many winners, third on the list in numbers, 1875; latest winner, Water Lily; at 25gs, and 1 guinea the groom.

COSTA, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim.

Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches, with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good racehorse at all distances. At 10gs, and 10s the groom.

CLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Maggie out of Echidna, by Economist.

Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides. The only thoroughbred mare put to him produced Brown Sarah, a winner. At 5gs thoroughbred, and 3gs half-bred mares, and 5s the groom.

Apply to D. Dollamore, Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, for half-bred mares; and to Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, for subscriptions to thoroughbred mares.

Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent.

At the Stud Company's Farm, Cobham, Surrey,

CARNIVAL. Thirty Mares (including the Company's), at 50gs. The subscription to this horse is full.

GEORGE FREDERICK. Twenty mares (including the Company's), at 50gs.

CATERER (sire of Pace, Leolinus, Allumette, &c.), at 40gs.

WILD OATS. Thirty-five mares, at 25gs.

CHATTANOOGA (sire of Wellingtonia and John Billington), by Orlando out of Ayacantha, by I. Bird-catcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 15gs.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares 25s. per week; barren mares 20s. per week.

Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

At Baumber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire, SUFFOLK, by North Lincoln out of Protection (dam of Margery Daw), by Defence, at 15gs a mare, groom's fee included. All Suffolk's stock, with one exception, that have started are winners, including The Ghost, Sailor, Baumber, &c. Apply to Mr. W. Taylor Sharp as above.

At BUCKLAND COURT, near Reigate.

KING OF THE FOREST, by Scottish Chief, out of Lioness, by Fandango, fifteen mares, besides a few of his owner's, at 30gs a mare, and 1 guinea to the groom. Subscription list full.

Apply to Thomas Cartwright, as above.

At Moorlands Stud Farm, York.

SPECULUM. A limited number of Mares, at 50gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea. KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, at 25gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea.

MARTYRDOM, at 1'gs; Groom's fee, 10s. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Apply to JOHN HUBB, Stud Groom, as above.

At Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth.

PERO GOMEZ, at 50gs a Mare.

MUSKET, at 40gs a Mare. Foaling Mares, 25s.; Barren Mares, 20s. per week. For further particulars, apply to Mr. P. SCOTT, as above.

HART.—Important to the Public.

Being my annual custom after the London season to introduce to the public a number of SECONDHAND CARRIAGES, which have been on job for the above season, the same having been sent out new, and in use from two to three months only; comprising Landaus fitted with our patent head, double and single Broughams, Victorias, Barouches, Wagonettes fitted with our patent sliding seats, reversible to Stanhope Phaetons; lady's driving Phaetons, Spider Phaetons, T-carts, and every fashionable carriage of the day. Carriages to Let; no hire charged if purchased.—Carriages can be had on the three-years' system.—79, New Bond-street (six doors from Oxford-street). Established 1830.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), 7, Bank-buildings, Lothbury, E.C.

General Accidents. Railway Accidents. Personal Injuries. Death by Accidents. C. HARDING, Manager.

HUNTING.

PROPERTY'S BOOT-TOP POWDERS

are now prepared on a new and improved principle, to agree with the various modern processes of tanning, so that no discolouration or injury to the leather can ever take place if this preparation only is used. Light Brown, Nut-Brown, White, Pink, &c.

PROPERTY'S BOOT-TOP FLUID is prepared ready for use, in two rich colours—Light Brown and Nut-Brown.

PROPERTY'S POLISHING CREAM for Boot-Tops, and Saddle Paste for Saddles, Bridles, and Brown Harness.

PROPERTY'S PASTE for cleaning Leather, Cloth, and Cord Hunting-Breeches, Gloves, Belts, &c.

TRAVELLING-BOXES, containing Four Jars of Paste, Two Brushes, and Two Sponges, £1 1s.

COUNT D'ORSAY'S UNIQUE WATERPROOF POLISH for Hunting-Boots, Carriage Heads, Gig-Aprons, &c.—Property, Sole Agent.

PROPERTY'S IMPROVED HARNESS COMPOSITION will not clog the stitches, is a fine polish, and thoroughly waterproof. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

PROPERTY'S PLATE POWDER (non-mercurial), the purest and safest article for polishing silver and electro-plated goods. 1s. and 2s.

PROPERTY'S CLOTH-BALL, for DRY-CLEANING scarlet, white, and light-coloured cloths, kerseys, tweeds, military facings, &c. Price 1s.

PROPERTY'S FRENCH VARNISH, for DRESS-BOOTS, lies evenly on the leather; is very bright and elastic, yet not sticky. No unpleasant odour.

PROPERTY'S WATERPROOFING COMPOUND, for Shooting, Fishing, and Sea-Boots, &c. Manufactory—

22, SOUTH AUDLEY-STREET, GROSVENOR-SQUARE, LONDON.

Descriptive Lists, with Prices, sent free by post.

THURSTON'S BILLIARD TABLES.

THURSTON and CO., Billiard Table Makers, Lamp Makers, and Gas Fitters to H.M. the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, I.H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, H.R.H. Prince Christian, H.H. Prince Leiningen, H.H. Prince Bariatinski, H.I.H. Prince L. L. Bonaparte, H.R.H. the Duc d'Anjou, H.R.H. the Duc de H.H. the Maharajah Duleep Singh, the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for War, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, &c.

LONDON, LIVERPOOL, AND MANCHESTER.

THE LARGEST SHOW ROOMS FOR BILLIARD TABLES IN LONDON.

THURSTON'S BILLIARD TABLES.

The Public are invited to inspect the extensive Show Rooms of Messrs. THURSTON and CO., which cover an area of upwards of 5000 feet, and are replete with every requisite for the Billiard Player.

THE LARGEST SHOW ROOMS FOR BILLIARD TABLES IN LONDON.

THURSTON'S BILLIARD TABLES.

"Amid" (says the "Practical Magazine") "the inevitable jealousies and rivalries of competition, none would venture to challenge the assertion that the prize of renown is still the reward of those who hold the name and traditions of THURSTON."

THE LARGEST SHOW ROOMS FOR BILLIARD TABLES IN LONDON.

THURSTON'S BILLIARD TABLES.

are fitted with their Improved Cushions which do not get hard in cold weather, and are especially suitable for private houses; or with cushions specially adapted for Clubs and Public Rooms.

Cushions of Old Tables restuffed.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

VETERINARY INFIRMARY,



74, NEW-ROAD, GRAVESEND.

Contents of BARKER'S MEDICINE-CHESTS, all necessary Medicines for Horses, Cattle, and Dogs.

No Farm or Stable complete without one. 6 Colic and Gripe Mixtures for Horses and Cattle.

6 Tonic and Stimulating Drinks for Horses. 12 Physic Balls.

12 Diuretic Balls. 12 Calving and Cleansing Drinks for Cows.

2 Bottles of Lotions for Sore Shoulders and Withers. 12 Condition and Cordial Balls.

2 Bottles of White Oils, for Sprains, &c. 1 Bottle of Tincture.

1 Can of "Barker's" celebrated Grease Ointment. 1 Large Pot of Blistering Ointment.

1 Ditto Box of Distemper Pills, for Dogs. The Whole complete in Case. Price 50s.

From George Barker, Veterinary Officer to the Borough of Gravesend.

Preventive Drink for Cattle against Foot-and-Mouth Disease, now so prevalent, price 15s. per dozen, with instructions.

DAY, SON, and HEWITT'S STOCKBREEDERS' MEDICINE CHEST,

For all disorders in HORSES, CATTLE, CALVES, SHEEP, and LAMBS.

and particularly recommended for Cows Calving, and Ewes Lambing, and for Scour or Diarrhoea in Lambs and Calves; also for Colic in Horses, and all cases of Debility in Stock. Price complete, with Shilling Key to Farriery, £2 16s. 6d. Carriage paid.

22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.

SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT

FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

Our success has caused a number of counterfeit imitations to be made of highly dangerous and unwholesome ingredients. They are sold by unprincipled tradesmen as ours for the sake of a small extra profit which the makers allow them.

Please observe that every cake is stamped "Spratt's Patent," without which none are genuine.

Address—

Spratt's Patent, Henry-street, Bermondsey-street, S.E.

THIS DAY, THIS DAY, THIS DAY, and DURING the WEEK, at BAKER and CRISP'S.

THE BANKRUPT STOCK

Messrs. HORNCastle and JACKSON, of Wood-street, London, and Manchester. Amounting to £11,764, PURCHASED by BAKER and CRISP, at a reduction of 8s. 8d. in the pound. NOW SELLING, consisting of first class Goods—viz., HOUSEHOLD LINENS, SEALSKIN JACKETS, SILK VELVETS and SILKS of every description, Dress Materials of all Nations, French Merino in every shade.

FURS, JACKETS, Costumes, and Evening Robes, Dressing Gowns, Muffs, Boas, and Wraps. CATALOGUES SENT FREE.—BAKER and CRISP'S.

All at a Reduction of 8s. 8d. in the pound.

1000 Dozen of KID GLOVES, 1s. per pair, worth 2s. 6d.; and so on. See Catalogue. Warm Hosiery, Lace, and Fancy Goods almost given away. Seal-skin Hats as low as 2s. 11d. Ladies' Umbrellas, Silk, 4s. 11d. 1100 Gentlemen's Guinea Umbrellas, for 8s. 9d. each. 80 Baskets full of Ribbons, Ties, Scarfs, and other articles, at ridiculous prices.

Also BLANKETS, FLANNEL RUGS, and ULSTERS. The finest Evening Fabrics, from 6d. the yard; and the thickest Homespuns from the Principals, with A THOUSAND OTHER ARTICLES.

ALSO LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING of every description, either in Bundles of Lots or to be picked over, at unheard-of prices, AND SO ON.

AT BAKER and CRISP'S.

198, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

Patterns may also be had of Silks, Satins, and Velvets, especially adapted for Theatrical Wear.

1000 NICHOLSON'S NEW DRESS

FABRICS.—1000 Patterns, representing all the New Materials for present Wear, forwarded (post-free) to any part of the world.

D. NICHOLSON and CO., 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

1000 NICHOLSON'S NEW SILKS.

Striped, Checked, Broché, and Plain, in all the New Colours, from 2s. to 10s. per yard. 1000 Patterns post-free to any part.

D. NICHOLSON and CO., 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

DRY FEET.

Gentlemen are respectfully invited to inspect our various descriptions of CLUMP SOLED BOOTS AND SHOES, 25s. to 35s., and our new "PEDESTRIAN BOOTS," 45s.

THOMAS D. MARSHALL and BURT, 192, Oxford-street, London.

ELKINGTON and CO.,

PATENTEES OF THE ELECTRO PLATE, MANUFACTURING SILVERSMITHS, FINE-ART METAL WORKERS, &c.

Beg to caution the public against forged and deceptive marks used by nefarious manufacturers to induce the sale of inferior qualities of electro plate. All goods manufactured by Elkington and Co. are distinctly stamped with their marks.

ELKINGTON and CO.,

and "E. and Co., under a crown."

Books of Patterns and Prices, Designs for Race and Regatta Plate, Presentation Services, Estimates for Clubs, Hotels, Steam-Ships, &c., sent on application.

22, REGENT-STREET, LONDON;

City House, 45, Moorgate-street, E.C.; 25, Church-street, Liverpool; St. Ann's-square, Manchester.

Manufactory, Newhall-street, Birmingham.

OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS,

WALL LIGHTS, and LUSTRES.

CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU. Kerosene and Moderator Lamps for India and Home use.

TABLE GLASS of all kinds. Mess., Export, and Furnishing Orders promptly executed.

LONDON: Show-Rooms, 45, OXFORD-STREET, W. BIRMINGHAM: Manufactory and Show-Rooms, BROAD-ST. Established 1807.

SCIENTIFIC PRESENTS.

GEOLOGICAL COLLECTIONS at 2, 5, 10, 20, 50, to 100 gs each, and every requisite to assist those commencing the study of this interesting branch of science, a knowledge of which affords so much pleasure to the traveller in all parts of the world, can be had of

JAMES TENNANT, Geologist, 149, Strand, London, W.C.

GEOLOGY.—SIX ELEMENTARY

LECTURES, adapted to a Juvenile audience, will be given by Professor TENNANT, F.G.S., at his Residence, 149, Strand, W.C., DEC. 27, 29, 31, Jan. 3, 5, and 7, at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Terms, Half a Guinea for the Course.

J. H. STEWARD'S BINOCULAR,

TOURIST, FIELD, or OPERA GLASSES.

DEER-STALKING, SPORTING, AND OTHER TELESCOPES.

The high reputation these Glasses have attained induces J. H. Steward to invite all persons seeking a Good Glass to apply for one of his

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES, gratis and post-free to all parts.

406, Strand; 66, Strand; 54, Cornhill; 63, St. Paul's-churchyard.

Opticians to the British and Foreign Governments, and the National Rifle Associations of England, America, and Canada (by appointment).

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the "Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets (tins for abroad), labelled, JAMES EPPS and CO.,

Homeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle-street; and 170, Piccadilly; Works, Euston-road and Camden Town, London.

(Makers of Epps's Glycerine Jujubes, throat irritation.)

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 138, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by THOMAS FOX, 138, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY, DEC. 11, 1875.



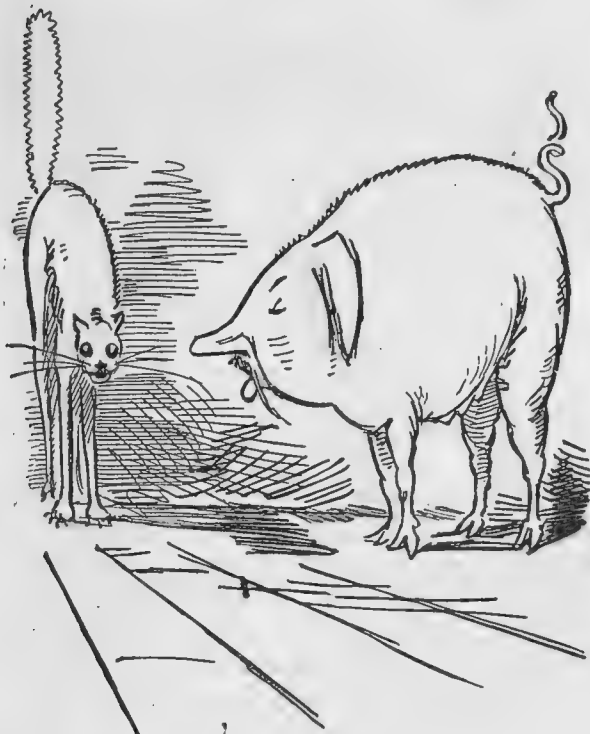
## Our Cautious Critic.

Oh, *Era*, with thy name my last begun.  
Oh, *Era*, with thy name thus much shall end.  
(Shade of "Childe Harold," pardon the parody.)

METHINKS, Oh, *Era*, I have somewhat against thee. Forasmuch as thou art neither disinterestedly praiseful nor honestly censorious, out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee. Perusing thy elegant sheet on last Sunday with more than my wonted diligence, one or two instances more annoying than usual of flabby adulation and what

*Blanche*, a piece that never contained any dialogue either witty or particularly humorous, but is no more than the connecting chain of a series of spectacular tableaux, the *Era* calls upon the translator, Mr. Henry S. Leigh, to "make haste to blush and for ever lay aside his claims to the possession of a pen with some amount of sparkle at its point." It is fortunate that Mr. Leigh's "reputation for wit" and his claims to the possession of a sparkling and pointed pen are so thoroughly known and so widely acknowledged by educated persons all over the world. Were it otherwise, perhaps he would not have been able to spare us his blushes, but at the awful command of the witty, sparkling, elegant, and accomplished *Era* he would have been obliged to resign for ever his blasted laurels. If the author of "Carols of Cockayne," by some freak of destiny, could only be changed from a popular poet into a prosperous publican! The *Era* essaying to judge of the merits or demerits of such writers as Wills and Leigh is as if Bottom in his ass's jowl should assume to teach Jaques to philosophise and Amiens to sing—"Oh sweet Bully Bottom, thou art wise as thou art beautiful." It must not be forgotten, however, that to the *Era* we are indebted for the crystallisation of certain commonplace phrases of theatrical journalism, without which the penny-a-liners would be poor indeed. Whether the leading writers of the *Era* are graduated developments of the fatuous persons who write the provincial notices in the same journal, and who are the plagues of every manager throughout the kingdom, or not, matters little, since they all equally combine to perpetuate those graces of style which prove such an attraction when quoted in theatrical advertisements. We are all familiar with them. The expression—"created quite a *furor*," for instance, has become the distinguishing notice of the popular acrobat, equestrian, or danseuse. Of a totally inexperienced young person who makes her first appearance on any stage as Juliet or Pauline, and who is rumoured to have an extremely wealthy personage very much at her service, they will write "rarely has such an amount of intelligence displayed itself in the history of the drama." Of a popular music-hall vocalist they usually say something about his "gentlemanly

not new." It is true that, through atrociously bad stage management, the said scenery receives more hard usage at the hands of flymen and carpenters in one night at the Queen's Theatre than it ever did during all the five hundred nights in Paris. Indeed, if the artist who painted it could only see the way it is hauled about and mauled about every night it would make his heart bleed if he were sentimental—it would make him swear if he were short-tempered. For there can be no question that, much as it has been used, the scenery of *The White Cat* is of such unusual excellence that any manager would have been justified in transporting it thither. I should be the last in the world to say a word depreciatory of our



Ye Whyte Cat  
a Christmas Pantomime.  
("small and early")

appeared to savour of petty spite attracted my attention and excited my disgust. The first of these instances was merely a brief paragraph in allusion to a benefit given a few days since to a distinguished and cultivated gentleman, which paragraph contained a very gratuitous remark conveying a false impression of the said distinguished *bénéficiaire*. Without further comment I would place beside this a specimen of the adulatory strain which occurs in a notice of an obscure benefit for a very prosperous and genial publican, whose dearest friends, much less himself, could never honestly or reasonably regret his retirement from the stage. Of his performance, however, *Mrs. Era* seems to have been enamoured. Never has she seen "this popular actor to greater advantage." The gentleman is popular, I admit, but not as an actor. He is prosperous, I believe, as a publican. When did the *Era* discover that he was a "popular actor"?

Putting this aside, however, and coming to the matter of general dramatic criticism, the *Era* condescends to acknowledge the literary gifts of Mr. Wills, while absurdly affecting to teach him English history. But I do not now propose reviewing the drama of *Buckingham*. My business is with the unfortunate *White Cat*, which seems like to be worried to death by the journalistic terriers.

Concerning the libretto, which is a simple and (so far as admissible) faithful translation of the French piece *La Chatte*



Strongarm.

"Ha ha! I'll turn it up extremely soon  
Unless they turn on Clowns and Pantaloon"

manners." A prosperous manager who assists at a well-earned benefit is spoken of as "generous," "magnanimous," and the like. So on, *ad infinitum*, and foreign phrases are jerked about in such a free and easy manner, without regard to meaning or sense, that I think it surprising that some of the familiar professional slang is not introduced into certain theatrical criticisms. Why, for example, not say, "Mr. So-and-So as Belphegor was *numbo*"? The English language is undoubtedly capable of much improvement in this respect.

To return to *The White Cat*. I do not wish it by any means to be understood that I am about to plead specially in favour of this piece. Indeed, it would be absurd to do so, seeing that it has been so very badly put upon the stage. But, when adverse criticism miscarries and journalistic abuse is bestowed in the wrong quarter, through ignorance or prejudice, the impartial critic is naturally impelled, so far as he can, to do justice where injustice has been done, as well as to condemn where there has been undeserved praise. The severest censure of the dramatic critics generally in regard to *The White Cat* has been bestowed where it has least been merited—namely, upon the scenery, dresses, and effects. With regard to the scenery the critic of the "largest circulation in the world" remarks that a hundred scenic artists in this country could have done it better. Were he not utterly incapable of judging the qualities of the scenery and entirely ignorant upon the subject he could not have made such a statement. It is true the scenery of *The White Cat* is

native scenic artists. Roberts and Stanfield established their names as artists so firmly outside the theatre that they need no advocate after them. Telbin was, in his way, a genius who revelled in brilliant colours with a happy audacity that would have been fatal to an inferior artist. And Beverley's work has always justified his popularity. But no English scenic artist could paint scenery such as some of that which M. Mayer has brought over.

Had I space I could point out to the inexperienced the qualities which here command approbation. As it is, I will content myself with pointing to one front-scene with figures painted upon the wall in imitation of antique decoration. About this I will merely say, that such scene-painting has never before been produced upon an English stage. It is almost a pity that it is done in so perishable a medium. As for the dresses, I was somewhat surprised that they looked so fresh. But, again, the effect of these also was continually marred by defective stage management. *The Canary's Wedding* is for humour and perfection of design so excellent that I am quite sure (much as we expect of them) not one of our Christmas pantomimes will produce anything so good. To be brief, however, so far as scenery, dresses, and effects are concerned, the manager of the Queen's has procured material which would have been an unfailing support to any pantomime. He would have done wisely had he altogether discarded



From the Canary's Wedding  
(the best thing in the piece)



Harassing Stage Management



the French libretto and suited an English one to his properties. Mr. H. S. Leigh, while translating the original, has avoided the indecencies of the original as much as possible. For instance, a well-known "chorus," which was so uproariously applauded in Paris, he has disposed of with laudation—the quietest manner in which it could be done. Had *The White Cat* been held back, afterwards to be produced, with proper stage management and great condensation, upon Boxing Night, it would have escaped the severity of the press. Even now, if the manager would look upon the next few weeks as a prolonged rehearsal, he might manage still to make a good piece of it. Of course, he must add a harlequinade. As for the performers, Mr. Stoylé is the one whom the critics have singled out as most to be commiserated upon his connection with the piece. Now, my opinion is that many actors who are much less eulogised by the press would have endeavoured to make something very much more humorous out of the character of Mignonette. Mr. Stoylé misses all the points that he might hit. Besides which his clothes are about six times too large for him. Mlle. Fanchita, without having an important part in the story, is continually interpolated with solos, very much to the impediment of the piece, although she sings well. Miss Rose Massey, as Blanchette, acts with liveliness and grace. Miss Annie Beauclerc, as Pimpernel, is, in the fitful glimpses which we can obtain of her, very charming in appearance and very artistic in her singing. Why has she not more to do? The other characters are too numerous and too insignificant to call for any particular mention, unless perhaps Mr. Perrini, who plays Little Jack Horner. I must not forget to mention, in conclusion, that Mlle. Fanchita on one occasion talks of "an 'air of 'is ead." The way in which this young lady changes from dropping her h's to broken English in her pronunciation is quite a feat.

#### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 198, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 198, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception. Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of inquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (POST-FREE), INLAND.

Yearly	£1 7 0
Half-yearly	14 0
Quarterly	7 0

All P. O. Orders to be made payable to Mr. Thomas Fox, at East Strand Post Office.

Cheques crossed "UNION BANK."

OFFICE—198, STRAND, W.C.

### GOODE, GAINSFORD, & CO., BOROUGH, S.E.

**DINING ROOM AND LIBRARY FURNITURE**  
in OAK and MAHOGANY,  
BROWN OAK BUFFETS  
and BOOKCASE.

### GOODE, GAINSFORD, & CO. DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE

in WALNUT, EBONIZED, &c., &c.,  
FRENCH CABINETS  
and CONSOLE TABLES.

### GOODE, GAINSFORD, & CO. BED-ROOM SUITES

in ASH, PINE, and FANCY WOODS.  
BRASS and IRON BEDSTEADS.  
Bedding Warranted Pure and of the Best Description.

### GOODE, GAINSFORD, & CO. CURTAIN DEPARTMENT.

Cretannes.	Tapestry.
Velvets.	Wool Repts.
Silks.	Damasks.

### GOODE, GAINSFORD, & CO. CARPET DEPARTMENT.

Superior BRUSSELS and WILTON Carpets  
in Original and Exclusive Designs.  
INDIAN, PERSIAN, and TURKEY CARPETS.  
Experienced Planners and Carpet Fitters sent to all parts of the country.  
Estimates and Designs submitted Free of Charge.

161, 163, 165, & 167, BOROUGH, LONDON.

#### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Sketches of important events in the Sporting World and in connection with the Drama will, if used, be liberally paid for.

### THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

THE Master of the Horse deserves our best thanks for the important step he has taken in remodelling the conditions of Queen's Plates, and for his new scheme of distribution, which must readily commend itself to all classes interested in racing pursuits. It had long since become painfully obvious that under the old régime there could be no hope for improvement in the class of animals generally associated with her Majesty's guineas. Contests for these prizes too often ended in Walks over, or were waged between horses of very inferior calibre, and the most unlikely to take part in regenerating our breed. Comparatively munificent donations to race funds when originally instituted, the

value of money has fallen so rapidly since those days that Queen's Plates have wellnigh dwindled down in importance to the level of stakes offered by clerks of courses at every insignificant race-meeting in the kingdom, and are introduced half apologetically into programmes such as those of Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster. They have latterly become the *dernier resorts* of animals of the second class, just one cut below "Cup" form, who are enabled almost to farm these Royal gifts, going the circuit with the regularity of ancient "juniors" who cannot obtain the coveted silk. Some few brilliant exceptions there may be, such as when Lily Agnes, Louise Victoria, and Gang Forward cast in their lots together at Shrewsbury; but too often only one number is found on the telegraph board prior to their decision; or, should two or three be found to compete, the result is such a foregone conclusion that a "holy calm" steals over the hoarse tumult of the Ring, or speculation on future events engrosses the attention of the betting world during the time the farce is in course of being played out. Lord Bradford had rather a difficult and delicate task set before him, but he may be congratulated on having "pleased all men" by his new scheme of arrangement. It was obvious that a great outcry might be not unjustly raised by the summary disfranchisement of certain meetings hitherto honoured by the Royal gift. So many places possess equal claims, that a setting aside of them, however diplomatically achieved, could not fail to engender feelings of jealousy and discontent. On the other hand, there was only a certain sum at the Master of the Horse's disposal, with no probability of obtaining an increased grant from Parliament—at least, in the present state of feeling in the House as regards the usefulness of Royal Plates. In asking for more, even the pittance at present grudgingly bestowed by certain members might be withheld; so that Lord Bradford had to do the best he could with existing means. There can be no question but that the "lumping together" of the Royal Plates at Newmarket has brought about most satisfactory results; and Lord Bradford had every inducement to extend the experiment in other directions. York, as representing the head-quarters of racing in the north, very properly receives an annual double grant, which she, in fact, possessed before, split up into two prizes. Among the rest, locality is justly considered in balancing one centre of sport against another, so as not to leave certain districts altogether without grants in the year. Thus Newcastle and Carlisle, Winchester and Salisbury, Northampton and Huntingdon, take the doubled gift in alternate years, only Richmond being left out in the cold without a mate; but then, as the schoolboy said, when reproved for his want of punctuality, "somebody must be last."

No meeting will suffer greatly by the changes announced to take effect in the ensuing season. It may, indeed, seem strange to frequenters of Hampton the Happy to find their beloved Cup missing from the second day's programme; but it will shine with double glory on the next anniversary, and may possibly attract some racers of high degree to assist at its revival. Plymouth has always dignified its Royal gift by the magniloquent title of "Queen's Vase," an appellation which may be more worthily bestowed upon it now that it has assumed such grand proportions. Mushroom meetings are very properly excluded from participation in the grant, and it is almost superfluous for the authorities to stipulate that "public money" shall be forthcoming in these days, when clerks of courses are vying with each other in rendering their programmes more attractive; and there is very little fear of meetings failing to be "held annually," although such collapses may occur as recently at the Quaker-haunted city of Bedford, where racing has gradually declined since the days when the purple and buff stripes of Woburn were in the ascendant. For obvious reasons geldings should be debarred from joining in a contest confined to perpetrators of our racing dynasty; and we can see no reason for retaining the old custom of confining a Royal plate here and there to mares. Scotland, we presume, will be left with her couple of plates as heretofore; and no mention is made of Ireland, where an amalgamation of the numerous "Queen's guineas" run for on the Curragh might be of great advantage, if confined to Irish-bred horses. Otherwise, it might prove too great a temptation for the "proud Sassenach" to come over to Erin with some of his Tritons commissioned to play havoc among the minnows of the Sister Isle.

We earnestly hope that these much-needed reforms in a department of racing hitherto neglected may have the desired effect of bringing together larger and better fields in competition for Queen's Plates. We should like to see those horses whose occupation is wellnigh gone, except in contesting the great cups of the year, have more frequent opportunities of meeting over long courses. Two hundred guineas may seem an insignificant sum, as compared with the added money given at our leading centres of sport; but it ought to be sufficient to attract animals whose form has been so exposed as to make the future "study of handicaps" by their owners a hopeless resource. Newmarket, of course, possesses exceptional advantages in having her legions from which to secure an ample entry for her amalgamated Royal Plates; and we cannot expect the minor meetings to furnish so goodly a show. In theory it is highly desirable that prizes such as these Royal gifts should be contested by local horses in the districts furnishing racing contingents to the various meetings all over the country; but in practice this is rendered impossible, partly through increased facilities of locomotion, which enables horses to go the circuit without inconvenience, but principally because Newmarket has absorbed so large a proportion of our equine population, that without supplies from head-quarters few country gatherings could hold up their heads. It is impossible to hamper Queen's Plates with troublesome restrictions, so we must accept and make the best of them, not disheartened by failures at first, but trusting in the good sense of the sporting community to set all things right in the end. Lord Bradford has, at any rate, made a move in the right direction; and it is imperative that reforms should be gradually introduced, so as to avoid the risk of arraying prejudice and ignorance against their progress.

### Hunting Notes.

[Our correspondents will oblige by posting their communications when practicable, so as to arrive on the Thursday morning prior to publication.]

**HINTS ON HUNTING.**—Always be up in good time and start at least half an hour before it is necessary to reach the meet, and in nine times out of ten you will find that you will arrive none too soon. Warm your boots before getting into them, or you will have cold feet all day. Eat a good breakfast before you start, or you will feel miserably uncomfortable and generally disagreeable throughout the day. Before mounting have an eye to your bridle, curb, and girths. Some men ride with two girths, I prefer three, two tight and one slack. I use a "curb" because I know how and when to use it; inexperienced people, on hot and nervous horses, had better stick to a snaffle. Before mounting see that your stirrups are in your favourite "buckle-hole;" on no account have them too long. Now, as to your seat on horseback: sit upright, with ease and freedom, but not stiffly; keep your elbows within three or four inches of your body; never turn your toes out, but point them inwards to your horses shoulders—this will bring your knees close to your saddle; and recollect your safety and good seat all rest with the grasp you have of your horse with the knee and calf of your leg. In my next I shall treat of the meet, where you may now be supposed to have arrived.—M. F. H.

**A FOX-CHASE EXTRAORDINARY.**—As Mr. Godfrey Baldwin was riding over some of his grounds near Brookfield, on Saturday last, in company with Messrs. Galloway, Fuller, and Campbell, three of his hounds that had followed them dashed furiously into a small plantation they were passing, and in about eight or ten minutes broke therefrom, almost at the brush of a fine sporting fox, that went off at railway speed for Gassenbeg, thence through North Ratharoon for Rathrout, where, being headed, he turned to the south and ran for Kilanetig Wood. Here, doubtless, he deemed himself secure; but it was no go, for the hounds were at his brush, and forced him to dash ahead for Bellew Hill, thence for Garrenrea Wood, through which, notwithstanding the earths being open, he continued his headlong course for Kilbrittain, the hospitable seat of Colonel A. Stawell, where he was run into and killed by these gallant hounds, after a desperate chase of about seven or eight miles without a check. Towards evening Mr. Baldwin and his friends returned, the master bringing with him the brush and pate of this fine fox, and we understand that it is his intention to have them preserved as trophies of this gallant run.

**THE CURRAGHMORE HUNT.**—Your circular to hand, and I hasten to reply to your questions. The best towns to live at to hunt with this pack are Waterford and Carrick-on-Suir. We have fifty couples of "picked" hounds this season. Our hunting days are Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. The Marquis of Waterford is master, as everybody in Ireland knows, and a good many in England, too, are probably aware of; John Duke is huntsman, and Dan Ryan and Arthur Wilson the whips. The kennel is at Curraghmore, Portland, in the county of Waterford. And now for a bit of news for sporting readers. The tenantry on the Waterford estates and the members of the Curraghmore Hunt, on Monday last, presented Lord and Lady Waterford with pieces of plate, in commemoration of the birth of an heir to the Waterford estates. The presentation to her Ladyship consisted of a silver épergne, bearing a lifelike figure of Lord Waterford on a favourite horse, in solid silver, in the centre of a farmyard group. On the base of the épergne were engraved farming symbols, such as sheaves of corn, a horse and plough, reapers at work in the field, &c. The épergne presented to his Lordship by the members of the Curraghmore Hunt Club bore a figure of his Lordship in hunting costume, with his first and second whip and several hounds. The presentation took place in Curraghmore House, in the presence of upwards of one hundred and fifty subscribers. Mr. Stanner Walsh read the address on behalf of the tenant-farmers, and his Lordship replied on behalf of Lady Waterford, assuring the company that she took the most lively interest in everything connected with the prosperity of Ireland, and especially their tenantry. Lord Bessborough read the address on behalf of the Curraghmore Hunt, testifying to the excellence of Lord Waterford as a sportsman. Lord Waterford replied, assuring them that his object in maintaining a pack of hounds was not so much the mere love of the sport as a desire to keep the gentry of the country as much in Ireland as possible. He assured them that both he and Lady Waterford very highly appreciated the compliment that had that day been paid them, and that he would ever regard it as one of the happiest of his life. The company were afterwards entertained at luncheon. The frost has "jacked-up" hunting at present. No doubt, however, I shall have a good run to chronicle shortly.—HARRY LORREQUER (Waterford).

**THE WAVENAY STAG-HOUNDS.**—We have fifteen couple of stag-hounds this season, and hunt on Mondays and Thursdays. Decidedly the best places to put up at are Halesworth and Harleston. Mr. Charles Chaston is master of the pack, and also the huntsman—one of the "good old sort;" William Blake and F. Blake are the whips. The kennels are at Mendham, Harleston, Norfolk. This pack had a brilliant run last Monday. The meet was at Laxfield White Horse, and a very fine hind was uncared at twelve o'clock. She went away at a clipping pace for Wilby and Stradbroke, where she turned to the right, skirting Laxfield-street and Ubbeston, and through several parishes to Persenhall, Sibton, Heveningham, Huntingfield, and Walpole, to Mr. Lee's, of Bramfield, where she took refuge in a shed, and Mr. Lee and his men kindly kept off the hounds till the appearance, a quarter of an hour afterwards, of the first horseman, who awfully regretted he could not pick on his second horse half an hour before the finish. They must have run more than twenty miles, over a very heavy and inclosed country, with rasping fences and no road work. Hoping soon to have to chronicle another "rasper" when the frost breaks up, I remain, yours, &c., R (Halesworth).

**NORTHUMBERLAND AND BERWICKSHIRE HUNT.**—Put up at Coldstream, by all means, if you want to hunt with this pack. We have fifty-one couples of beautiful dogs, and hunt on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Sir J. Marjoribanks, Bart., is master; Peter Whitecross is huntsman, and George Rose and Thomas Newman the whips. The kennels are at Coldstream, Berwickshire. One of the best hunting days in Northumberland was had at Wark-common on Monday. The whin there had a fine fox, which, after a long détour to the south, made his way back for the whin he started from. After being rattled about in it for a quarter of an hour, he again started for the south, and at Learthmouth escaped in a drain, after a run of an hour and a half. Snow prevented the hounds meeting in Berwickshire on Tuesday. I am afraid that the frost and heavy snow will put an end to any further hunting for some time to come up north.—ROGER (Coldstream).

**THE BILLESDON HUNT.**—Market Harborough, Kibworth, and Leicester are full of sportsmen, who hunt regularly with the hounds. We have thirty-seven and a half couples of first-rate fast hounds, and go out on Mondays, Thursdays, and Satur-



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



## MISS DIETZ.

MISS LINDA DIETZ is a native of the city of New York, and, though not of a dramatic family, she showed at an early age a marked inclination to adopt the stage as a profession. She studied with the intention of qualifying herself for concert and oratorio singing, and made a successful first appearance, but afterwards gave preference to the dramatic stage, and made her regular début at the Fifth-Avenue Theatre, New York, July 2, 1870, as Georgette, in Sardou's play "Fernande." In this part she succeeded Miss Fanny Davenport, a favourite soubrette actress of established position; and, in contrasting the performances of the two ladies, "Nym Crinkle," the well-known critic of the *New York World*, wrote as follows:—"Miss Dietz made of the character, on the contrary, a nervous and somewhat pettish little wife, inclined to brood over her foolish fears. In the endeavour she showed inexperience; but atoned for it by natural grace, self-possession, and naïveté. Miss Dietz has a great deal to learn; but she seems to be just the person to learn it, and that speedily.

She has, moreover, all those endowments which go far in this profession towards ensuring success; and I shall be greatly surprised if she does not succeed eventually to her own liking."

During the season of 1870 and 1871, although Mr. Daly did not produce a single play in which the entire strength of his company could be cast, Miss Dietz's name was constantly in the bills, with the exception of a week or two during the engagement of Mr. Charles Mathews. Among the characters she sustained were Virginia Vandepool, and subsequently Effie Remington in *Saratoga* (the original of *Brighton*), and Margaret Breitman in Boucicault's play of *Jezebel*. In the latter character she first had an opportunity of displaying the qualities which denote the *ingénue* of the French school and stage—a line in which her principal successes have since been achieved. Of these successes her rendering of Marcel in *Article 47*, and of Sophia in *Road to Ruin* were most marked and complete. Miss Dietz remained a member of Mr. Daly's company until her departure for England in May, 1873, having received, in token of her steady and satisfactory progress in her profession,

the warmest commendations of the New York press and public. Previous to her departure Mr. Daly tendered the use of his theatre for a complimentary benefit, and the large audience which assembled on that occasion gave ample testimony of the esteem in which the young actress is held.

The *New York Tribune* of May 12, 1873, in announcing the benefit, said:—"It will be her first benefit; and playgoers who appreciate sincere zeal, honest devotion, a gentle nature, and personal worth might well combine their efforts to make it substantially valuable. Miss Dietz has been a faithful worker, and has richly deserved public encouragement."

The *New York Times*, May 11, 1873, said:—"Always careful, ladylike, and correct, Miss Dietz has gained steadily in the goodwill of the public, who are less slow than is sometimes supposed to appreciate delicate and refined talent, as contrasted with that of a more vivid or striking order. The patrons of the Fifth-Avenue Theatre will honour themselves, as well as her, in giving generous attention to the present announcement."

Miss Linda Dietz's performances on the London boards are



MISS LINDA DIETZ.

too well remembered to need more than brief mention here. On the occasion of her début as Caroline Dormer, in *The Heir-at-Law*, and Mrs. Featherly, in *The Widow Hunt*, at the Haymarket Theatre, Aug. 30, 1873, she obtained a most cordial reception from the London public, who promptly recognised those sterling qualities which had rendered her a favourite in America.

During this and the following year she appeared with success at the Globe and Holborn Theatres, besides taking part in some dramatic performances with distinguished amateurs. Shortly after the termination of her engagement at the Holborn Theatre Miss L. Dietz visited Paris, and while there, she and her sister, Miss Ella Dietz, pursued a course of dramatic studies together.

Having joined Mr. Sothorn's company at Dublin in September, '74, Miss Dietz played Georgina during the remainder of his provincial tour, and appeared a second time at the Haymarket Theatre in October. Her performances of Lady Clara St. John in *Fair Encounter* and Dora in *Home* are still vivid and agreeable recollections. Miss Linda Dietz appeared in support of Mr. John S. Clarke at the Haymarket this season, and is now travelling in the provinces with Mr. Sothorn.

## A BISHOP ON THE DRAMA.

THE Bishop of Manchester delivered an address at the Manchester Athenæum, on Tuesday se'nnight, on "Liberal Studies in Relation to a Business Life, in the course of which he referred to the condition of the stage. No one deplored more than himself the condition into which the English stage had fallen at the present time. He could not regard it, as generally administered, as contributing anything else but a very serious element of mischief and deterioration to the morals of the people (Hear, hear). He did think that low French vaudevilles, that coarse and indecent Offenbachian operas, and loose ballets and that sort of thing, were utterly corrupting, and that no liberally-educated people ought to patronise that kind of entertainment (Loud applause). It was to him a matter of perfect surprise how people who cherished the purity of their wives and daughters could take them night after night to see some of the things that were put before them on the English stage (Applause). But on the other hand, remembering as he did what in the minds of the great teachers of morality the theatres had been supposed capable of accomplishing—remembering what the theatre did at Athens, when the Athenians sat listening to the great dramas of Æschylus and

Sophocles, throughout which they could not find a line which would draw a blush to any maiden's cheek, and in which there was not one word that did not suggest grand and noble ideas—he did regret that the theatre and the stage, which would be always used, were not rescued from abuse and made what they ought to be—instruments of moralising, of refining, and improving the people (Applause). And therefore—though he was very much misunderstood at the time he stated it, and misunderstood by people who ought not to have misunderstood him—he was not ashamed to repeat that, as Bishop of the diocese, he said he was glad that Mr. Charles Calvert put on the stage of Manchester dramas like *Henry V.* and *Richard III.* (Applause).

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.—The fourth regular challenge game for the Delaney medal, emblem of the championship of America, was played on Tuesday, Nov. 23, at Tammany Hall, between Maurice Daly (champion) and Cyrille Dion. The latter won, scoring 600 to 557. The highest breaks were:—Dion: 52, 50, 50, 49, 47, and 43. Daly: 104, 65, 50, 48, 47, and 44. The game occupied three hours and thirty-two minutes.



THE HISTRION'S HORNBOOK.

No. X.—OLD WOMEN AND OLD MEN.

It seemeth odd, and doubtless is so, that you, who are of some social respectability, conducting yourselves in private with sedateness, not to say solemnity, should be described merely as "men and women," while the more frivolous and less experienced personages in a company are called "ladies and gentlemen." But the fact is capable of a speedy and satisfactory explanation. You date from a time when social position was neither sought by the histrion nor admitted by the patron. The popinjays and minxes of the stage have no such ancestry; they date from the day before yesterday; nor can the descriptions wherewith you are designated affect in any degree the standing of either. At a period when the actor was in even less favour than at present, a certain performer appeared as plaintiff against one of the public. It was a case of assault, and when the performer appeared in the witness-box the counsel for the accused—a rough, hectoring fellow—said to the witness, who had described himself as a gentleman, "I have often seen a gentleman soldier and a gentleman tailor, but never have I seen a gentleman player." "Sir," said the plaintiff, bowing, "I hope you see one now." Console yourselves, therefore, by reflecting that you are what you are, and not that which you are described to be.

There is a beaten track or groove which one may not inaptly describe as the rut made by the wheels of Thespis his waggon, out of which it is difficult to induce actors to move. There hath, however, always been seen in you an earnest desire to escape from the trammels of custom; for which reason I expect that you will regard these instructions not unfavourably.

It cannot be denied that in real life the majority of old people whom we meet are so full of pains and infirmities that any truthful representation of them upon the boards would scarcely produce that hilarity which it is the chief aim of the drama to excite. So I pray you regard always your representation from the comedy or even the farce point of view. If the drama be one of serious interest (and I protest, upon your behalf, that I think serious interest in a drama is a most impertinent importation) let not that affect you. If the author have a reputation to sustain, so have you. The opinion of the majority will be with you. Marry! I see no reason why a man may not laugh as well at a hearse as at a cradle.

A hundred little bits of business will occur to you whereby that keen sense of humour that is in you may be exhibited. I will particularise but one or two. Thus, for example, you—the old woman—are securing the love confidences of a girl. Although she is in tears, and with a variety of emotions overcome, do you so grimace at the audience that her pathos may be destroyed by your humour. For pathos is out of place in your presence; and, if faith, honest folk go to a playhouse to laugh and not to snivel.

An example of the old man's business which will aid him in judging generally how I would have him conduct himself will be found in this instruction to him:—You will doubtless have occasion many times during the course of your professional career to hand to a repentant child, or nephew, or godson a purse which you will have to allege is full of golden sovereigns. Always rattle the purse so vigorously that the audience may detect the deceit which the management hath practised upon it. Shake the bag till the whole house may swear that it contains but tin. Which, giving heed to the excellent method of joking now in vogue among us, I may term a pun in action. And it may perhaps lend more power to your elbow and lead to greater attempts on your part to lay bare the fraud, when I remind you that in the gallery there are persons who, if they imagined you to be the possessors of so much real money, would lie in wait for you at the stage-door, and dispatch you in cold blood before you could offer them a reasonable explanation.

As you are rarely required to make an appearance in anything save modern comedy of the farcical kind, a general rule or two as to costume may not be out of place.

The old lady should resent all novelties in this respect. The most effective costume is that which consists of a short-waisted dress, made of coloured chintz, not too long, to hide the presence of shoes and an inch or so of white stocking. The head-dress should consist of one of those bonnets constructed on the model of a coal-scuttle, and called, I believe, poke-bonnets. This should be surmounted by a green veil. The hands should be encased in drab silk gloves, half covered with black silk mittens. And on no account must a small reticule, dangling from the wrist, be omitted.

The old man should array himself in a blue coat (cut away) with brass buttons, buff waistcoat, and nankeen trousers. A high collar, surrounded by a large black or white stock, completes the costume.

It may be objected that this style of habiliment has gone out. The argument is unworthy. Good things should never go out. In every square inch of such clothes there is essential humour. Roman togas have gone out. Still, I have to learn that Coriolanus would be acceptable to the highly intelligent British public were he to appear dressed in a morning suit constructed in Poole's best style, wearing a glossy hat, elegantly fitting gloves, and adopting the airs and graces of a Pall-mall dandy.

For poses expressing the various emotions I would refer you to those wonderfully lifelike woodcuts which some forty years ago embellished volumes suited to—of considered to be suited to—the juvenile mind. The lady will there find surprise or terror expressed by an elevation of the hands, the palms being kept spread out towards the audience, and the reticule still dangling with agitated sways from the wrist. The head to be held well upon one side, and the eyes awfully distended. Impatience is expressed by obtruding the shoe and patting it on the ground, shaking the head to and fro, and keeping the lips pressed tightly together.

The old man will denote anger, impatience, surprise, terror, and every other emotion by striking his stick upon the ground, if haply he should carry that ornament, or by thrusting his hands deep into the pockets of his nankeen trousers.

And mind, sirrah! that of the whole company you are the only one whose blasphemies are leniently regarded by the noble Marquis who presides over the literature of the drama. Limit yourself not in the matter of oburgation. Let your "dammes" be frequent if you care for your reputation.

I would advise a union in the holy bonds of matrimony of

both of you. Because it is natural that persons having so many professional sympathies should be drawn together. Because you may thus become engaged at one theatre, and so afford to each other in public a support which the marriage service enjoins upon you in private. And because, whereas the salary of one is insufficient for the maintenance of that one living alone, the combined salaries of two will be enough for the simple wants of a devoted and economical couple.

Whist.

ONE IN IRELAND.—If C and D are nine and win the odd trick they win the game.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND.

In the subjoined hand the players are supposed to sit round the table in the order given—A and B being partners, against C and D. The index (♠) indicates the lead, and the asterisk the card that wins the trick.

THE HANDS.			
B's HAND.		D's HAND.	
Clubs	—9, 8.	Clubs	—Queen, 6, 5, 3.
Hearts	—Queen, 10, 3.	Hearts	—8, 7.
Spades	—Queen, 9, 5, 4, 3.	Spades	—Ace, King, 7.
Diamonds	—King, 10, 2.	Diamonds	—Knave, 7, 6, 3.
C's HAND.		A's HAND.	
Clubs	—King, Knave, 10.	Clubs	—Ace, 7, 4, 2.
Hearts	—King, Knave, 6, 5.	Hearts	—Ace, 9, 4, 2.
Spades	—Knave, 10.	Spades	—8, 6, 2.
Diamonds	—Ace, 8, 5, 4.	Diamonds	—Queen, 9.

Score—C D, 1; A B, love.

D deals and turns up the Queen of Clubs.

TRICK 1.

B leads with the Queen of Clubs. A wins the trick with the Ace of Clubs.

TRICK 2.

B leads with the King of Clubs. A wins the trick with the Ace of Clubs.

TRICK 3.

B leads with the Queen of Clubs. A wins the trick with the Ace of Clubs.

TRICK 4.

B leads with the King of Clubs. A wins the trick with the Ace of Clubs.

TRICK 5.

B leads with the Queen of Clubs. A wins the trick with the Ace of Clubs.

TRICK 6.

B leads with the King of Clubs. A wins the trick with the Ace of Clubs.

TRICK 7.

B leads with the Queen of Clubs. A wins the trick with the Ace of Clubs.

TRICK 8.

B leads with the King of Clubs. A wins the trick with the Ace of Clubs.

TRICK 9.

B leads with the Queen of Clubs. A wins the trick with the Ace of Clubs.

TRICK 10.

B leads with the King of Clubs. A wins the trick with the Ace of Clubs.

TRICK 11.

B leads with the Queen of Clubs. A wins the trick with the Ace of Clubs.

A, knowing his partner to be guarded in Spades and Diamonds, and holding himself the best Heart, leads trumps. The fall of cards in this trick shows him that his opponents hold two by honours, and also that B can hold at the most only one more trump, viz., the nine.

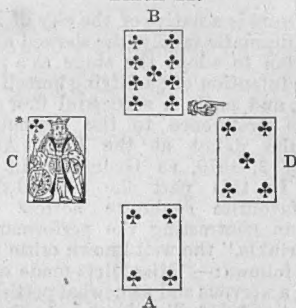
C endeavours to clear his Heart suit.

A, knowing two honours to be against him, prefers returning the Heart to continuing the trumps.

It is now clear to A that his partner must hold the Queen of Spades, because if D held it he would have led it.

A now knows that his partner must hold either Ace or King of Diamonds, because if C held both he would have led one, and if D held either he would not have finessed the Knave.

Trick 11.



This is the trick of the hand. B returns his partner's lead of trumps, and the fall of the five from D's hand shows A that he cannot hold the King in addition to the Queen which he turned up. The King must consequently be in C's hand, as B could not beat the Knave at Trick 6. It is also clear to A that, in addition to the Queen of trumps, D must also hold the six, as neither C nor B can have it. (See Tricks 4 and 6.) Knowing all this, A properly refuses to win the trick, and remains with the tenace (Ace and seven) over D's Queen and six, with which he wins Tricks 12 and 13, and thus saves the game. Had A won Trick 11 he must have lost the two remaining tricks and the game. The coup, though pretty, is simple; but how often do we see these simple points overlooked.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. J. S., I. S. T., A. CARTER, NOX, H. R. DENNE, and PETER.—The solutions sent are correct.  
W. C. H.—There is no mate, as you suggest. You appear to overlook that the White Rook is pinned, and cannot give check.  
W. WEARE.—Thanks for the game and problem.  
KNIGHT OF IVEL.—The solution is not correct.  
T. HAZEON.—We are sorry for it, but it will happen.  
H. R. DENNE.—Quite right.  
I. S. T.—The solution is the author's; but the problem, unfortunately, admits of another solution.

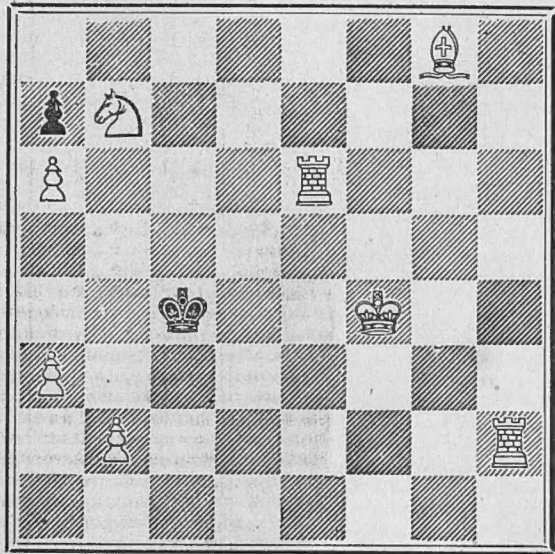
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 77.

WHITE. 1. B to K 5. 2. Q to B 2.  
BLACK. P takes B (a). K or either P moves.  
WHITE. 3. Q mates accordingly. (a) 1. 2. Q to K 3, and mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 78.

By Mr. T. HAZEON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. ZUKERTORT AND POTTER.

We append one of the Games contested in this interesting match, which was concluded on Tuesday last, the score being Zukertort 5, Potter 3½. Eight games were drawn.

[IRREGULAR OPENING.]

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. Z.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. Z.)
1. P to K 4	P to Q 4	26. P takes Kt	P takes Kt
2. P to K 3	Kt to K B 3	27. P takes B P (ch) (e)	R takes P
3. Kt to K B 3	P to K 3	28. B to R 5	R to K 2
4. B to K 2	B to Q 3	29. Q to Q Kt 3 (ch)	K to B sq
5. Castles	Castles	30. Q to K R 3	Q to B 4 (ch)
6. P to Q 3	P to Q Kt 3	31. K to R 2	R to K 8 (f)
7. P to K R 3	P to Q B 4	32. Q to Q Kt 3	B to B 6 (ch)
8. Q to K sq	Kt to Q B 3	33. Q to Q 3	P "Queens" (g)
9. P to K Kt 4 (a)	P to K 4 (b)	34. B takes Q	R takes B
10. Q to K R 4	P to K 5	35. Q takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq (h)
11. Kt to K sq	Kt to K 2	36. R takes R	Q to K B 7 (ch)
12. Kt to Q B 3	P takes P	37. K to R 3	B to K Kt 7 (ch)
13. P takes P	P to Q 5	38. K to Kt 4	B to B 6 (ch)
14. Kt to K 4	P takes P (c)	39. K to R 3	Q to B 7 (ch)
15. Kt takes Kt (ch)	P takes Kt	40. K to R 4	Q to K 7 (ch)
16. B takes P	Kt to Kt 3	41. K to R 3	B to B 7 (ch)
17. Q to Kt 3	P to K B 4	42. K to Kt 4	B to B 6 (ch)
18. P to K Kt 5	R to K sq	43. K to R 3	Q to B 7 (ch)
19. Q to B 2	B to Kt 2	44. K to R 4	Q to K 7 (ch)
20. Q R to K sq	Q to B 2	45. K to R 3	Q to K 7 (ch)
21. B to Q 2 (d)	R to K 2	46. K to R 4	Q to R 7 (ch) (i)
22. B to Q sq	Q R to K sq	47. Q to R 3	Q takes P (ch)
23. R takes R	R takes R	48. B to Kt 4	B takes B
24. P to K R 4	P to B 5	49. Q takes B,	and Black drew by perpetual check.
25. P to K R 5	P takes P		

NOTES.

- (a) This advance, we think, was premature, besides unnecessarily exposing the King to attack.
- (b) An excellent reply.
- (c) At first sight this looks dangerous, but it is really sound and good.
- (d) Doubtless anticipating Black's meditated sacrifice of the "exchange."
- (e) 27. P takes R P (ch), followed by 28. B to Q B 3, looks tempting at the first glance, but we believe there is nothing in it.
- (f) Highly ingenious. White clearly cannot take Rook with either piece.
- (g) Here, we believe, Black might have obtained a winning game by simply taking Rook with Rook, followed by Q to Q 5. Black doubtless feared the complications arising from 33. B to B 5, on account of White's replying with 34. R takes R.
- (h) Mr. Zukertort is of opinion that he might have won at this point by 35. K to K 2.
- (i) The game being played with a time limit, these checks were repeated for the purpose of gaining time.

LINGERING DEATH.—Died, on the 1st inst., of defective circulation, the City of London Chess Magazine. R. I. P.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[Adv't.]



## PATHETICS OF THE PIT.

## THE SHAUGHRAUN.

I am a dilettante in philanthropy. I take a moonlight pleasure in observing the innocent enjoyment of my race. I frequently go to theatres, and pay no attention whatever to the artificial passions on the stage, but devote myself to the real sentiments in the audience. I watch the currents of emotion passing through the minds and manifested on the countenances of those around me. From use skill has come; and I can now better tell the character of a man, after watching him through a play, than if I had had a drawing-room acquaintance with him of months. Since the noblest study of mankind is man, impartial minds will admit that, under certain reservations, a not disinteresting study is woman. Hence I do not completely disregard the shallower sex when I employ my eyes and ears upon the audience at a theatre. This, of course, seems a very guarded admission; but is intended only as a preparation for one of somewhat startling character—to wit, that I find a slight excess over half of my attention devoted to observing the shallower sex under emotional ordeal. When I am unencumbered by personal adherents of the shallower sex I generally select the Pit as my sphere (or semicircle, is it?) of observation, because the Pit people afford a medium between the noisy appreciation of the gallery and the placid indifference of the boxes; and the largest panorama of emotions is here displayed.

The other evening an Irish friend and I found ourselves in the Pit of Drury-Lane. We could scarcely have been worse placed than we were at first, for we were in the antepenultimate row, and our seats commanded an uninterrupted view of a pillar and a chignon of prodigious growth. However, as I had seen the play before, I satisfied myself with a comprehensive growl. The seats had been highly recommended by a bland, demonstrative programme-seller, who had been wooed into enthusiasm by twopence and betrayed into perfidy by fate. Subsequently we made our way, as it were, further north, through the bergs and floes of people, and took up better ground, my friend being in front of me.

On my right hand sat a low-sized, pale-faced, slender man, with a large chequered muffler hanging over his shoulders. Beyond him, his wife, a very plain, fat-faced woman, considerably older than he. I glanced at the two, and dismissed them disdainfully with the comment, "Uninteresting Londoners!" We got into the theatre in the middle of a very indifferent farce; and one thing, and only one thing, caught my eye in connection with this couple on my right. After a while the woman stood up; the man followed her example, and put his arm round her waist to assist her. He, moreover, spoke frequently to her in a gentle way. Had they been twenty years younger, I should have set him down as a most attentive lover. I own I was greatly puzzled to account for his conduct, for a more utterly vulgar, uninteresting face than hers I had rarely seen.

On the right-hand side of my friend sat a young couple, evidently newly married, and, I should think, by their vacant, perplexed staring, new to a big city. City people have much quicker eyes than those from the country. This couple promised little food for speculation. The woman had light brown hair; a yellow straw hat, with red flowers in it. She was not interesting. The man, far better looking, was broad and firmly made, with a cordial, kindly face.

In looking at faces in theatres I have often noticed a singular difference in the mental attitudes of men and women. The women, up to a certain point, are calm, suspicious, observant; the men sympathetic, hearty, and more easily pleased. It seems as though the women came to see, the men to enjoy. This is the normal condition; but when the women are once fairly moved, their sympathy exceeds the men's, and you can see that they regard the scenes as actual fact. Women either don't like a piece or call the characters by their names in the piece. Men are more critical after leaving than in the theatre, and talk of how a thing was done with regard to the merit of the actor. Women talk of the thing itself.

On the left of my friend were a mother and daughter, the former in widow's weeds, the latter in red hair. I looked frequently to them during the progress of the play, but found little food for thought.

I observed that during the farce physical humour held the place of chief favourite in my neighbourhood, and after physical humour any reference to eating or edibles; the mention of "dumpling" being regarded as a triumph of wit. But when "dumpling" came to be coupled with "suet," and the superb compound "suet dumpling" was attained, those around me were fairly overmastered by laughter. My friend, observing this, turned to me and asked, "Did you ever notice how simple the English people are, and how easily they are amused?" To which I returned a diplomatic reply.

At length the curtain went up on *The Shaughraun*, and the attention of those around me seemed solidified. In the few first scenes (scene being understood according to the Italian idea) my neighbours afforded small material. They seemed waiting in perfect faith that they should ultimately feel interested. The first thing to rouse my neighbourhood was, I deeply regret to say, the unpronounceable word "d-v-l." The name of the unspeakable now took the place of "suet dumplings" in the farce, and, I grieve to bear witness, seemed to appeal more powerfully to the fantastic side of the imagination. Perhaps I may be pardoned entering upon a speculation so fraught with interest and dismay as the consideration of what the effect of exhibiting to my neighbours such a verbal saturnalia as "a d-v-l of a suet dumpling."

Upon Harvey Duff's first exit, a man behind me, who looked like a Scotchman, but wasn't, cried out, "That's a real Irishman." My friend in front dropped his glass and turned round, saying, "Yes; that's the best get up I have ever seen, and the brogue is simply perfect Munster."

I shall some day or other sit down and commence a book on the subject of jokes masculine and jokes feminine. The theme is one of vital importance, and I hereby publicly forbid the banns between it and any other writer. Without now cutting the ground from under my feet, I may tell the reader that there is a wide difference between the manner in which men and women receive humour or wit, and the qualities of contorted sentiment appreciated by either. Men's laughter is louder and shorter, women's longer and slyer. The first essentially feminine joke in *The Shaughraun* is that in which Conn's dislike to the colour red is accounted for by the fact that his mother was tossed by a bull. If you should visit Drury Lane during the present engagement observe the quality of laughter greeting this sally, and see if it be not almost wholly feminine. One of the jokes, a subtle one for a theatre, which did not find its way to the diaphragm of the audience, was where Conn, having been accused by the priest of poaching salmon lately, defends himself by "confessin to a trout or two, but no more; sure, the salmon is out of season." One of the most delightful jokes took well with all in my neighbourhood. It occurs where Conn gives an account of his getting away from the penal settlement, states to the authorities the name of his parish, and demands to be sent home or apportioned "boord wages." "What Tatters had got in his mouth" (unmentionable, but impossible for Tatters to obtain

among Highlanders in their national garb), produced the most prolonged laughter, for some people caught the meaning at once, while for others less sharp the brogue had to be rendered into English, and so the laughter came in a series of heavy explosions.

At this point of the play, turning to my right, I looked at the heavy-faced vulgar woman. She was still standing with her husband's arm around her waist. Now I saw why that arm, no longer young, clung to one who had passed over the summit of life. The large, ill-shaped mouth was partly open; the expression of the countenance one of entranced pity. There was an imploring prayer in her regard, a spiritualised human sorrow. The situation in the play could not have wholly been intelligible to her; but a profoundly sympathetic heart had afforded instinctive appreciation, and a simple and confiding nature left her no critical doubting of the reality of all that went forward before her eyes. There were no tears; Wordsworth defined the sorrow too deep for tears, and here it was.

One of the greatest and most enthusiastic receptions was given to Conn's wish that they would take his denial for absence of the returned prisoner in the priest's house. Someone has observed that, after all, there is a good deal of human nature in man; and the way my neighbours took this desire to serve a friend at the expense of a lie made out a part of Someone's case. In the earlier part of the first scene in the second act the whole of Mr. Shiel Barry's superb acting was but faintly appreciated by those around me, and the first thing to awaken them was the old joke of Duff declaring himself to be a corpse. From some words passing between me and my friend the man like a Scotchman all at once began to think the play very humorous; and, though he was the most polite and cordial of those around us, we were not a little plagued from that forward by his supernatural discoveries of humour where, to our mere earthly eyes, none appeared. I found upon examination on the way home that I had a debit entry of at least ten hideously false concurrences with him.

The attitudes of the two sexes in the audience during love-scenes is peculiarly interesting. The men take a kind of cynical pride in the effrontery of the hero, and look as though they did and said such things every day of the week. The women always laugh under reserve, as though they never dreamed any woman could be so bold as the heroine, but that still they would not be finally averse from trying how they could or should manage such a situation. There are brighter looks on women's faces at such times than at any others, and as the scene progresses they seem gradually won to the hero's side, and consider the heroine rather hard on him. In the love scene between Claire and Captain Molineux where he kisses her, I saw several women draw back, as though someone had attempted such an outrage against them, and then when they saw no such monster, look very grave indeed. I will now pause to analyse this gravity. A satirist might allege that he had found envy in it. All women repel mankind in general, and yearn for the individual.

The scene which hung most heavily was that in which Kinchela explains to young Ffolliott the way in which the latter's friends regard him, and says he has been only acting at villain. My neighbours looked as though they need not be so plainly dealt with.

I watched the woman on my right during the prison scene. At first she seemed to rest her feelings on the faith that no harm could come to the prisoner, since he was a victim. When the scene changed her countenance showed faith triumphant. As soon as the escape was complete the expression was one of faith rewarded, and she appeared prepared to lapse into contented nothingness, since virtue had been relieved of duress. But when Ffolliott was once more threatened with arrest, she displayed a strong question of her senses, and a deliberate belief that poetic justice could not be violated by so gross a disaster.

The severest tax on intelligence in the piece is the finest bit of acting in it—the last moment of the craven Duff. Nothing from beginning to end pleased me more than when I saw the woman with the fat vulgar face did not laugh or smile, but stood in terrified surprise at the grotesque despair of the informer.

R. D.

**CHALLENGE TO ENGLISH PEDESTRIANS.**—A fair challenge has been thrown down to Perkins and his brother professionals on behalf of O'Leary, the American pedestrian, who walked 500 miles in six days last month at Chicago, completing his task late on Saturday night, the 20th ult., and beating his opponent, Weston, by fifty miles. Mr. Curtis, the referee, after describing the match in the *New York Sportsman*, says:—"It would be good betting to wager that any man who is champion of England at any game cannot, on a named day, equal his best performance, on his own track; and Mr. Jenn wishes O'Leary to cross the ocean and incur the hazard of so great a change of climate and try to equal his own best performance for £100, which a Yankee would call 'pretty cheeky.' But, to accommodate Mr. Jenn, Mr. O'Leary will bet 2500 dols. or 5000 dols. that he will, in New York city or in Chicago, in eight weeks from signing articles, walk fifty miles in 8:52:18, and one hundred miles in 18:53:40. The editor of *Bell's Life in London* to appoint referee and timekeepers. He will not walk a match at less than one hundred miles, but will walk any man in the world a match at 100, 150, or 200 miles, for any reasonable amount—say, between 2000 dols and 5000 dols."

**"THE CHESS KING INSANE."**—Under the above heading the *New York Sportsman* says:—"Paul Morphy, the famous chess-player, is in a New Orleans asylum, hopelessly insane. He was born in that city in 1840, of wealthy creole parentage, and his adoption of the game of chess as a business not only offended his relatives, but occupied the years in which he might have achieved success in some other career. He returned to his home just before the Rebellion suddenly, and thoroughly disgusted with chess, so prejudiced against it that he has since never played. He has subsequently led an idle, morose life. 'His daily routine of existence,' says the *New Orleans Picayune*, 'involved a walk on Canal-street every morning, where his dapper little figure, always scrupulously well dressed, became as well known and as regularly looked for as the noonday bell. After his daily promenade he retired from public gaze until evening, when he appeared in his box at the opera, where, it is said, he never missed a night. It is further related that during these years he permitted no friendly acquaintance: he was never known to associate with anybody but his mother, and persistently repelled advances from those who, having been friends of his early youth, desired to renew their associations. He lived a strange life—a strange, moody, and peculiarly mournful man.' About a year ago he began to lose his mental control, and several months ago was put in a private asylum. Some of his friends hold the theory that his malady had its start in the strain upon his mind in playing many and difficult games of chess."

**COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.**—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effective in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[Advrt.]

## THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ELEPHANT BAG.

THE Prince of Wales left the camp at Colombo on Monday last at 6.30, and drove to the forest, where elephants had been traced. The Prince, according to a *Times* telegram, reached the jungle at nine a.m., and, attended by Lord C. Beresford, took post on a stand for six hours. Every effort to drive the elephants failed, the old tusker having led the herd through the beaters again and again, and defeated every attempt to drive him. Elephants could be heard crushing through the trees with a noise like pistol-shots, but only glimpses of their backs could be seen. As the beaters could not trace the elephants, the Prince, having got a shot at one, descended and advanced into the jungle on foot, with M. Varian and Mr. Fisher, followed by Lord C. Beresford and Lord Suffield, with rifles. They were amid the elephants, and the Prince showed the utmost coolness as he stood within ten yards of the wounded beast, who prepared to charge, when the Prince dropped him dead. The Prince also hit two others, which are reported dead in the jungle. The hunters said the situation was critical. The scene over the dead elephant in the river was very exciting. Crowds of natives were waiting outside the jungle to learn the result. The Prince was much pleased, and arrived at Colombo after an upset in a ditch, but he was not in the least hurt nor was any of the party.

The Prince left Ruanwella soon after seven on Tuesday morning, though there was a late sitting to talk over the day's sport the night before; and, accompanied by the Governor and his suite, he drove along a road, along which decorations had been erected, to Colombo. News of the Prince's success among the elephants had caused great gratification, and the cheering was enthusiastic. The Levée at Government House was well attended by chiefs, official priests, Buddhas, citizens, planters, and officers. At 4.45 the Prince visited what is termed an agri-horticultural show, which was interesting. There was a state banquet at 7.30, at which upwards of sixty persons were present in full uniform—judges, admirals, generals, consuls, and members of council. It was a great success. At ten the Prince drove through great crowds and illuminated streets to an exceedingly tasteful and elegant ball-room prepared at great expense for the occasion. Chiefs, headmen, and Cingalese ladies were present. The Prince enjoyed the ball thoroughly. His Royal Highness leaves for Madras on Thursday; thence to Madras.

## INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.

A LARGE meeting of the members of this club was held on the 2nd inst., at Preston, near Brighton; and, although it was snowing nearly all the afternoon, a lengthy programme of sport was carried out. The principal feature was a sweepstakes at handicap distances for a free silver goblet, which was competed for at six birds each. There were fifteen competitors. Eventually Captain Forester Leighton, who alone brought down all his birds, won the cup and £20 of the optional funds. Several other sweepstakes were also brought to an issue, the winners being Captain Leighton, Captain Sidney, Mr. C. J. Eden, Mr. V. F. Bennett Stanford, M.P., Captain Burrows, Mr. Moreton Frewen, and Mr. Booth.

## THE BALL AT THE PAVILION.

The "Tiny Traveller," who gave our readers so bright and fresh a picture of "Merry Doctor Brighton," ought to have been present at the fancy dress ball in the Pavilion on Thursday se'night. We should then have had an animated narrative worthy of the brilliant and lively scene, with a light slap, mayhap, at the "First Gentleman in Europe" and the rollicking companions who made the Pavilion a haunt of pleasure, and whose ghosts might well have haunted the dazzling halls of light on the night of the International Gun and Polo Club ball. The whole Pavilion was employed for the fancy dress ball, and the rooms were elegantly decorated, the extensive floral adornments adding an agreeable freshness to the somewhat heavy magnificence of the building. Numbers of picturesque Chinese lanterns shed a softened light, which was a relief from the greater brilliance of gaslights, and were also in admirable harmony with the confused magnificence of colour shown by the constantly-moving crowds of masqueraders who pervaded the building, dancing in the saloon set apart for that purpose, resting in the drawing-rooms, or flirting in the corridors. As to the dresses, they were much of the usual character. Peasants of lands where peasants dress picturesquely were there, personages who seemed to have stepped out of the pages of history and of romance, mythical and allegorical impersonations, and all the medley of character which the fancy of the guests or the invention of their costumier could imagine. Amongst the dresses worthy of being particularised was that of an Empress of China, which was worn by the wife of a distinguished military officer, and which possessed the more value that it had been looted from the Summer Palace at Peking. A dress worn in the character of Pomona, and chastely decorated with fruit, was also unique and pleasing. It was noticeable that among the gentlemen a good many uniforms were worn—for the military mustered in strong force—including the officers of the Scots Greys and a good party of Guardsmen; and there were also several hunt uniforms in the room. Dancing was carried on in the banqueting and music rooms, a luxurious supper was served in the King's apartment, and light refreshments in the drawing-rooms. Great praise is due to Mr. Henry Marshall, the acting steward, and Mr. Holt, the secretary, of the International Gun and Polo Club, for the admirable manner in which the arrangements were carried out.

**DEATH OF TWO DISTINGUISHED SPORTSMEN.**—Our obituary this week (writes "Pavo" in the *Morning Post*) includes the names of two distinguished sportsmen in Lord Dorchester and Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, the former of whom died at Greywell, his Hampshire seat, near Odiham, on the 3rd inst.; and the latter on the 30th ult., at Hitchin Priory, in Hertfordshire. Lord Dorchester was better known as a breeder than an owner of racehorses, as his colours—blue and white stripes and blue cap—have rarely been seen since the days of the notorious Cruiser. He seldom had more than two or three brood mares, the most famous of which was the Little Red Rover mare, whose dam was Eclat by Edmund out of Squib by Soothsayer. This mare was the dam of Buccaneer, one of whose sons, the Mineral colt, is as good a favourite as anything for next year's Derby. His Lordship has been succeeded in the title and estates by his cousin, the Hon. Dudley Carleton, a member of the Jockey Club, and one of the most popular men on the turf. Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, who had reached the age of seventy-one, was less known to the present turf generation than in the hunting-field and on the Solent; and it was as a M.F.H. his speaking portrait illustrates the February number of *Baily's Magazine*, 1870.

**WORMS IN DOGS.**—Important testimony to the excellence of Naldire's Powders. "Scalford, near Melton Mowbray, Jan. 7, 1871.—Keeping as I do so many valuable mastiffs, probably as many as any breeder in England—I have used Naldire's Powders, and consider them an effectual, speedy, and safe remedy for dogs.—(Signed) M. B. Wynne." Naldire's Powders are sold in packets, price 2s. 3s. 6d., and 5s., by all Chemists, and by Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon-street.—[Advrt.]



## "FLEUR DE THE."

Lecocq's *Fleur de Thé* has been so well mounted at the Criterion Theatre, and is so well acted by M. Pitron's company, that no one partial to light and sparkling opéra bouffe should miss seeing it. The good taste and elegance pervading *Fleur de Thé* remind one of the excellence and completeness with which comic operas used to be produced by Mr. John Hollingshead in the early days of the Gaiety management. Pretty faces abound in the chorus. The costumes are the prettiest of Chinese costumes. There is a dainty Dresden-China-like beauty about *Fleur de Thé* that is particularly captivating. *Fleur de Thé* herself is impersonated with charming grace and refinement by Miss Burville; and the vivandière Cesarine, whose jealousy she is the innocent cause of provoking, is enacted with a dash and *chic* which made the critics almost unanimously welcome Miss Sudlow as a most desirable acquisition to the London stage. The gallant Pinsonnet—whom our Artist pictures being led off to his execution—finds a good-looking, if somewhat untuneful, representative in Mr. Walter Fisher; and the Chinese mandarins are adequately performed by Mr. F. Clinton and Mr. E. Marshall. In fine, if the leading representatives of this gay comic opera are somewhat lacking in vocal power, their acting is not wanting in vigour; and the production of *Fleur de Thé* may be fairly pronounced creditable to the Criterion management.

## FUNERAL OF MDLLE. DEJAZET.

A PARIS correspondent gives the following account of the funeral of Mdlle. Déjazet, which took place on Saturday last:—"Poor Déjazet's funeral to-day was a great Parisian sight. The subscription got up by the *Gaulois* did not give her a 'first-class' cortège such as Prince Stirbey's munificence provided for Carpeaux. There were only two (not four) horses to the hearse, no outriders, and the black hangings in front of the Trinité Church, bearing the letter D, were of a modest character. But the crowds assembled on the occasion were extraordinary. Perhaps 2000 people followed the coffin from the remote Belleville district, Rue Clavel, No. 23, where the popular actress died, along the Rues Puebla, Lafayette, and Châteaudun. But in the precincts of the church the crowd swelled to an enormous extent. I have heard the numbers variously estimated at from 100,000 to 200,000.

"Notwithstanding the intense cold, the windows in all the streets near the church were opened to enable inhabitants and visitors to catch a glimpse of the procession. The church can hold about 4000 people, and, as 15,000 tickets were issued, the approaches were besieged by thousands naturally thinking themselves ill-used because they could not get in. Among the outsiders were a great contingent of actors and actresses from the principal Paris theatres. The actresses did not generally wear mourning, but seasonable and, in many in-

stances, coquettish winter dresses. The funeral being got up by the *Gaulois*, there was an idea that it might be made the occasion of a Bonapartist demonstration, and M. Renault, the Prefect of Police, took extraordinary precautions accordingly. In the environs of the church were 500 policemen in uniform, commanded by six inspectors, and there were very many agents in plain clothes. I hear of half a dozen arrests growing out of street fights, and not of the slightest political significance.

"M. Victorien Sardou and the brothers Lyonnet were pall-bearers at one moment, but there were reliefs, and M. Halanzier, M. Camille Doucet, and others took turns. At the funeral mass in the church Madame Bloch, Mdlle. Galli, and other artists of the opera sang portions of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Cherubini's "Requiem," and other pieces. Baron Taylor had to excuse himself from attending, on the ground of age and indisposition. M. Eugène Déjazet was the chief mourner. The coffin bore, interspersed among the flowers, many crowns thrown to the deceased on triumphal nights, among which were conspicuous several handsome ones, relics of the farewell benefit at the opera.

"On leaving the church a monster bouquet of violets, a yard in diameter, was hung on the back of the hearse. The *Gaulois* complains bitterly of the Curé of the Trinité Church for performing unnecessarily, as it infers, a commemorative funeral mass just before the arrival of the cortège, which gave



SCENE FROM "FLEUR DE THE," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

an opportunity to 3000 non-holders of tickets to fill the church, and mainly occasioned the lamentable confusion outside. At the last moment the police cleared the church so far as possible of those not invited. A policeman in the crowd exclaimed, 'This fête is badly organised.' The expression was more true than decent, and was loudly censured by M. Potel, of the Opéra Comique, who was thereupon arrested. An actress, with a professional feeling not appropriate to the occasion, was heard to say, 'The representation should have had a rehearsal.' The poor emaciated corpse of a woman phenomenally little was so light that a single undertaker's man lifted the coffin from the hearse.

"M. Blavet, of the *Gaulois*, made a speech over Déjazet's grave. He said that, although her laurels were gained in masculine parts—Richelieu, Lauzun, Gentil Bernard, Garat, and Figaro—she was so essentially feminine that her truest and most original genius culminated in Lisette; and he added, alluding to her maternal affection, that under Lisette's neckerchief there beat the heart of a Cornelia."

MR. BARNUM recently told the following at his lecture in Chicago:—"In his museum, a gentleman and daughter stood gazing at the Siamese twins. The showman said they were the most remarkable phenomenon in the known world, were born in Siam, &c. 'Brothers, I suppose?' remarked the gentleman, interrogatively, still looking with wonder. 'Yes, Sir, brothers; natural brothers, too,' said the showman. 'My dear,' said the visitor, religiously turning to his daughter, 'think of the goodness of Providence in linking two natural brothers together, instead of two strangers.'"

## FUNERAL OF GEORGE BELMORE.

The *New York Times* gives the following account of the funeral of George Belmore:—

"The transept and nave of the beautiful Church of the Transfiguration (the Little Church Around the Corner) were crowded with well-known members of the dramatic profession, gathered in the same place where the funeral services of so many actors have been held during the past five years, to pay the last tribute of respect to the great English character-actor, George Belmore.

"During the morning the remains had been lying at No. 94, Fourth-avenue, in the room in which he died, where his features were viewed for the last time by a few intimate friends. A peaceful and very natural expression was on the face, and no trace of his sufferings was visible save the emaciation of disease. On the lid of the handsome rosewood casket was a plate with the inscription, 'George Garstin Belmore, died Nov. 15, 1875, aged 50 years.' On the coffin lid were a quantity of beautiful flowers sent by his friends. Mr. Montague, in the absence of Mr. Belmore's family, sent a tablet of white flowers bearing the words, 'Alice and our children.' Mrs. M. A. Byrne, who had cared for Mr. Belmore during his last illness, gave a beautiful wreath, on which were the words 'Not friendless.' Over the foot of the casket was a cross presented by Mrs. Mathews (Ada Harland). There were also several smaller pieces. At eleven o'clock the casket was closed and placed in a hearse in which it was conveyed to the Church of the Transfiguration, followed by five carriages containing the mourners. It was borne into the church preceded by Dr. Houghton and Lester Wallack, Henry D. Palmer, George Honey,

William J. Florence, John Brougham, Henry Beckett, Edward Arnot, and B. F. Russell, the eight pall-bearers, and followed by the mourners. On Mr. Montague's arm leaned Mrs. Byrne. Mr. Colville was the only other chief mourner, but there were many sad faces in the church. The ushers were Horace Wall, L. J. Vincent, H. J. Montgomery, T. E. Morris, and C. H. Stevenson. There were no remarks made after the service was read, but the coffin was again placed in the hearse and conveyed to Green-Wood, where it was lowered into a grave in Mr. W. J. Florence's plot. Among those who were in the church were Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, John Gilbert, John Dillon, H. Bradley, S. W. Fort, H. Russell, E. Lamb, H. B. Phillips, L. Forrester, John Hogan (who came from England with Mr. Belmore), Mr. Birch, Mr. Backus, J. H. McVicker, of Chicago; John Dyas, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, Samuel Colville, Mr. Belmore's manager; George Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Levy and Miss Conway, Fred Vokes, Mr. Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Holland, and W. B. Holland, treasurer of the Dramatic Fund Association."

THE DUKE OF TECK and several noblemen and gentlemen had a capital day's sport on the 2nd inst., at Berkeley Castle. They started from the castle about eleven, and proceeded to Lord Fitzhardinge's Old Decoy Pool, and afterwards to Redwood, a covert of about fifty acres. The party, consisting of eight guns, had good sport, bagging 562 head of game, including over 400 pheasants.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by THOMAS FOX, 198, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY, DEC. 11, 1875.